

ARTHUR'S Home Magazine.

PHILADELPHIA, FEBRUARY, 1862.

The Guardian Angel.

BY J. L. M'CREEERY.

CHAPTER I.

"Does Nellie love mamma?"

"Yes, mamma."

And the child's arms went twining about the mother's neck.

"Will you love mamma when she gets to be old?"

"Yes, mamma."

And the golden curls rested upon the mother's bosom. Mother and child remained in mutual caress—the one soon lost in sleep, the other lost in thought.

We are no romance writer, and if we were, there is no romance to be woven into our simple story. Carrie Morgan, the thoughtful mother of the sleeping child, would afford the most imaginative novelist but few materials from which to form a heroine. She had no "stately form," nor "queenly bearing;" she had no very "lofty brow" to indicate a "commanding intellect;" her lips were not very "ruby," and her teeth were no more (though perhaps no less) like "pearls" than those of ordinary women. She was simply an earnest, but quiet, undemonstrative little woman, who had now for nearly five years been the faithful and affectionate wife of Henry Morgan.

Sitting there, with her child in her arms, her thoughts wandered back to her own childhood days. Yet memory found little there upon which it was pleasant to dwell. Her father was a hard, worldly man; a strong, hale, robust man, whose boast it was that he never had known a day's sickness in his life. Her mother, on the contrary, was constitutionally weak and ailing, but withal, mentally, morally, and *spiritually*, a woman of whom any man might well be proud. Her father possessed a competence, but desired a fortune; and he appeared to think it very unreasonable

in his wife to persist in being so feeble and sickly—which was the principal obstacle in his way to wealth. At last, as the indistinct vision of a new-made grave began sometimes to glimmer upon him, a servant-girl was procured to bear a part of the household burden; but it was too late. It might not have been too late, had he been able to furnish also what to her was still more necessary—gentleness, forbearance, sympathy, instead of coldness, reserve, and ill-suppressed dissatisfaction. So she died.

About a year afterwards, Carrie's father married again—a lynx-eyed, hawk-nosed, wafer-lipped, peaked-chinned old maid, whom he had often pointed out to his former help-meet as a model housekeeper. Before another year rolled round—not to dwell upon unimportant matters—he died.

The bereaved widow exhibited Christian resignation, under a visitation of Providence which made her at once mistress of more wealth than she had been able to rake and scrape together during a life of industry and economy—which in her case had degenerated into stinginess.

Of the children, the three eldest were boys. They had inherited from their father various degrees of hard-heartedness, and had already gone forth into the world, abundantly able to make their way through it. The next in years, a girl named Isabel, possessed all her father's ambition and love of power, with much of her mother's intellect, imagination and feeling, but little of her integrity and regard for principle. She ran through her patrimony in splendid style, just in time to form a matrimonial alliance with a scion of one of the "first families," whom she married for his wealth, and who married her for the same reason. Mutually deceived and equally obstinate, a divorce was soon procured. Resuming her maiden name, Isabel Austin

emerged from matrimony, a vociferous expounder of the wrongs of women, a prominent and able apostle-ess of socialism; and those who were prejudiced against her represented her as advocating other isms, still less reputable.

Carrie Austin, the youngest of the family, remembered but little of her mother, and could recollect little of her father that she cared to remember. In form, features and disposition, she was entirely her mother's child, and inherited, also, her physical weakness and feeble health. Year by year, it was a wonder to all that she lived; but at length it became evident that the rough treatment and coarse fare which fell to her lot while living with her skeleton step-mother, strengthened, instead of destroying, her physical powers. Yet she was far from being healthy, and perhaps never knew what it was to pass a day without positive pain.

Worse for her own happiness than even this, she grew up with false notions and prejudices. She very naturally judged the world at large, from what it had been her lot to see of it. Virtue, purity and affection, were too much a part of herself to be easily eradicated from her heart; yet there was nothing to call them into action. Gentle smiles and loving words were things she never saw or heard; but from her own daily life they seemed as far away as heaven. So she grew up, morbid and intense in feeling, while evermore from within went up the wail of a starving soul.

Her father's death was sudden and unexpected, so no will had been made. The grasping step-mother and the elder children had taken the "lion's share" of the property, and what little had originally been left for Carrie, was gradually falling into their clutches. She had reached her teens, when she began to perceive her deficiencies in scholarship, and determined to claim her own portion of the property, (what was left of it,) and expend it in obtaining an education. A thirst for knowledge, quick of apprehension, and unceasing in her application, she soon outstripped her companions; though the studies of her choice were of a nature more solid than showy. Then she went forth into the wide, wide world, to work her way through it as best she might.

The romance of her life came at last. Henry Morgan, a handsome, talented, ambitious young man, fresh from college, just admitted to the bar, with "a good start in the world," and the future bright before him, was attracted by the straight-forward simplicity and strong common

sense of the lonely orphan. After a very short acquaintance, his own generous heart, and a sentiment of romance with which he was tinctured, prompted him to break through the worldly maxims which might have been expected to bear upon one of his profession, and he offered her his hand. Surprised and embarrassed by her impetuous lover's passionate protestations, she yet took counsel of prudence, and asked time for consideration. It was unwillingly granted; meantime she studied him well. She became convinced that he was a young man of honor and principle, kind in disposition, and generous to a fault; pure in heart, and every way worthy the love of any woman. The result was favorable to the young lawyer, and upon the matter being taken into Court, judgment was given in favor of the plaintiff. Sweet was "Love's young dream"—doubly sweet to the maiden, whose cup of life had hitherto been filled to the brim with wormwood. And with joyousness of heart came renewed physical health and strength. The earth was all brightness, and life all beautiful, while the lovers dwelt upon enchanted isles. What was the world to them?

So they were married.

CHAPTER II.

Any of our readers who have traversed the Father of Waters, must have been exceedingly struck with the difference in the stages of vegetation along the route. Starting from New Orleans on a warm summery morning, with all nature in beauty and bloom, on arriving, in a few days, at Dubuque or St. Paul, the climate and the vegetation indicate that there, winter's chill reign has not ceased. Still, upon comparing any two adjacent landing-places, it would be impossible for the most critical observer to determine, from appearances, which was in the coldest latitude. So gradual is the change.

We deem it superfluous to explain our parable, when we compare matrimony to a voyage up the Mississippi river.

If we have been fortunate enough to retain the attention of any of our fair married lady readers to this point in our story, we need not endeavor to describe to them how gradually and imperceptibly the warmth of the young husband's ardent affection too often decreases; how, by degrees, the gentle, appreciative words, the little acts of kindness are omitted; till at length the husband, with whom familiarity has bred contempt, or something nearly akin thereto, addresses and treats his wife with

less consideration and respect than he does his neighbors or chance acquaintances. On comparing this week with last, no difference can be perceived; but comparing either week with the wedding week, and how vast the difference! To those who have witnessed or experienced all this, it need not be described; to those who have not, it cannot be.

We will not, then, attempt to narrate how happily the hours sped by, for a season, with Harry Morgan and his happy bride; how by and by, when business pressed, an evening or two of the week was spent at "the office;" how sometimes he strayed "down town" of an evening to discuss politics, or whatever other topic might prove interesting; till by and by, nearly all his waking hours were spent either at "the office," or "down town." By the time they had been married three years, hardly an evening in the week was spent by Harry Morgan at home in company with his wife. So the romance fast faded out of her life, left day after day, and evening after evening, alone in her silent room.

We should have mentioned, some time since, that the career of Isabel Austin had culminated in her writing a book, in which all the wrongs of woman, and all the evils of society, and all the woes of humanity, were pictured in glowing colors. What remedy she proposed for all these ills, it was not easy to determine; nor whether it did, or did not, include a complete abolition of the matrimonial tie. Being herself a "strong-minded" woman, she had quite a coterie of followers among the weak-minded of both sexes. Hearing that her sister Carrie had "married well," she forwarded a copy of her book, followed by herself as a commentary. I think it afterwards leaked out, in some way, that she had declared it a part of her mission to convert Harry Morgan. Her sister she apparently did not consider worth converting. Perhaps, in her heart, she had no more faith in woman's equality with man, than some others, who did not say so much about it.

Her first inquiry was whether Harry, (for so she persisted in calling Mr. Morgan from the beginning,) had read "her book." Finding he had not, she extorted from him the promise that he would read it; a promise which it is doubtful whether he kept—at least, she appeared to doubt it, for she read the whole of it to him afterwards, in successive instalments, as "specimens of her style." Then came arguments upon her doctrine; and where Harry was not overpowered by her reasoning, he assuredly was by her volubility. He laughingly declared

that he was not afraid of any living lawyer, at the bar; but acknowledged that he felt obliged to retire before the discharge of her verbal artillery,—which admission she immediately used as an argument *ad hominem*, to prove woman's superiority or fitness for the legal profession.

But Belle Austin was a dashing, showy woman—in short, the world called her a splendid woman; and so far as external appearances were concerned, the world was not very far wrong. And by and by, Mr. Morgan caught himself—or might have caught himself, had he been on the watch over himself—comparing the two sisters, and wishing his wife had a little more of the vivacity and animation of Isabel. If to Carrie's good qualities of head and heart, were added Isabel's superior powers of mind and tongue, he fancied she would be better fitted to adorn the station he was destined by and by to occupy—for Mr. Morgan was ambitious. At length—probably Harry himself could best tell when or how—he discovered that Isabel's voice could be dropped to the minor key. Indeed, she said she had gentle tones for those she loved. Harry found she had gentle tones for him.

Remember, this did not strike Harry Morgan in the broad, farcical, half-ridiculous light in which it now appears to us, who narrate or listen to the story. He was one of the *dramatis personæ* of the scene, and was in the hands of a woman far his superior in the ways of the world, and in her knowledge of the surface-currents of human passion. She loved, moreover, to exercise her power over others, and to dazzle by reflected light from such men of talent or influence as she could win, for a time, to follow in her train.

She had at first announced her intention to make but a few days' visit; but days became weeks, and weeks lengthened into months. Yet she yielded—whether willingly or unwillingly was not easy to determine—to Mr. Morgan's entreaties to consider his house her home. He had become habituated to taking her to the theatre, the concert, and various places of amusement; and he lived in a perpetual feverish excitement which he did not take the pains to analyse. His wife could have gone with him, of course, at any time, had she only mentioned it; but her quiet, earnest, spiritual nature craved no such stimulus. So she gradually came to occupy the position of her husband's housekeeper, whose office it was to see that his meals were properly prepared, and his household labor performed,

so that his comfort should suffer no detriment. He was not cruel nor unkind, though sometimes he was irritable and petulant. He possessed a feeling heart, that would not allow even a dumb brute to suffer needlessly; yet Carrie Morgan was not so blind as to fail to see that her wishes were often disregarded, and her wants unsupplied, in a manner very different from what they would have been, had she been Isabel Austin.

Mrs. Morgan made no complaint. She longed for sympathy; but if her husband had none for her, there was no one else in the wide world from whom she would claim it. So all day long she was left with her aching heart for her only company. And her headache brought on the headache, and more and more, as day by day passed, she grew weary, and weak, and sad, and sick,—for hers was one of those sensitive organizations in which the condition of the mind is sympathetically reflected upon the physical system. A physician was called, and orders given that no effort nor expense should be spared in order to procure her recovery.

What more could a kind husband do?

CHAPTER III.

So, day by day, the young wife slowly took down, stone by stone, and story by story, the beautiful castles in the air she had been building so long. Star by star went out in midnight darkness, till not a ray was left of all that so short awhile ago lit up the heaven of her delight. Leaf by leaf faded away the flowers of hope which she had woven into elfin bowers on the sunny-side of life, till all the future became a desert, with not a cooling spring in all the dreary waste from which her fainting soul might quench its thirst for human love.

Wearily, sadly—despairing of all but God—she bade farewell to earthly hopes and joys; and day by day, evening by evening, sat in her silent room alone with her headache.

(A very foolish woman, to make so much ado because her husband has ceased to fondle and fawn, and devote himself to her as exclusively as in their honey-moon!

Possibly, *sir*—for no woman could utter such a sentiment; but if you are a *man*, you married, or will marry, your wife for being just so foolish! If not, you are unworthy the love of any woman—wise or other-wise.)

Yet not all alone sat Carrie Morgan. There was little Nellie, a golden-haired child about three years old—a link at once between her mother and earth, and between her father and

heaven. So gentle, affectionate and spiritual, it would be impossible, as well as useless, to try to decide which loved her most. For her sake her father would have died, and her mother would have lived. To love, and watch, and guard her child, the young mother was willing even to “live to be old”—even with her noble, talented husband’s affections stolen from her by her heartless and unprincipled rival.

The child, with a depth of feeling beyond her years, returned her mother’s affection; and promising, in infantile phrase, to love her always, sank to sleep in her mother’s arms. Thus we introduced them to the reader.

The mother sat lost in thought; but was soon aroused by the entrance of her husband, accompanied by Belle Austin, whom he had found, or who had found him, somewhere “down town.” Isabel, to whom the company of Mrs. Morgan appeared to possess few attractions, sailed immediately into the parlor, while Mr. Morgan, finding his wife in the dining-room, exclaimed,

“Hello, Carrie—now have Biddy get supper on the table, as soon as possible. The Dixies’ are going to sing at the Hall to-night, and Belle and I must attend—wont you go along?”

Indisposed both mentally and physically, Mrs. Morgan replied in the negative.

“Well, suit yourself and you’ll suit me; but hurry up that supper, for if we are not on hand early the seats will all be occupied.”

The household Bridget, having taken that afternoon for her visit home, Mrs. Morgan laid her sleeping child upon the lounge in the parlor, where Belle Austin was sitting in state, and returned to the dining-room to prepare the evening meal. The fierce denunciatrix of Woman’s Wrongs could see no wrong in her invalid sister getting supper for her, while she herself sat in idleness. It was only another illustration of the “great spiritual truth,” that “meaner spirits gravitate towards menial vocations.” You could have found that in “her book.”

Mr. Morgan entered the parlor. The syren greeted him with one of her sweetest smiles, which brought him instantly to her side. A lovelier woman than Belle Austin, seated there in queenly grace, her beaming countenance upturned to his, Harry Morgan acknowledged he never had beheld. Compelled by an irresistible impulse, he pressed a kiss upon her not very unwilling lips. It was the first kiss—long coveted, but never taken till now. He

inwardly promised that if she uttered a word of complaint about it, he would give it back. But she didn't.

Just then the touch of an angel's wing awoke the slumbering child. Nellie looked up in quiet wonder, surprised at the unusual demonstrations of mutual affection she had beheld. The voice of Mrs. Morgan was heard, announcing that supper was ready; upon which Belle Austin went forward to the dining-room, while Mr. Morgan, observing that his daughter was awake, delayed long enough to lift her from her couch and take her with him.

With one little arm around his neck, and the other stroking his beard, Nellie inquired, with childish simplicity—

"Do you love Aunt Belle, papa?"

"I shouldn't wonder, child," he said; (but he did wonder.)

"Do you love mamma?"

"Yes, darling."

"Why don't you kiss her, then, sometimes?"

The man could say nothing, but stood trying to remember how long since he had. The child continued her torturing cross-examination.

"Does Aunt Belle love you, papa?"

"I guess so, child."

Nellie seemed to be reflecting a moment, and then inquired—

"Papa, will she love you when you get to be old?"

What a world of thought went flashing through the father's mind at those few, simple words! He made no reply, but seated himself at the table, with Nellie in her little chair beside him, and ate in silence. Isabel attempted to rally him on his absent-mindedness; but her raillery met with no response. Conscience was at work; and he seemed "like one who had seen a vision." A vision indeed it was that had flashed upon him;—showing him the shallowness, the frivolity, the total lack of principle in the tempter, whose siren voice had led him on till he had so nearly parted with his integrity and self-respect. He acknowledged to himself, and on the moment trampled under foot, his unworthy and unmanly passion for this beautiful but false-hearted woman, whose attachment for him would not survive the first blast of misfortune. He pictured himself to himself as an aged, gray-haired man, waiting for his final summons to the eternal world. He knew that then, not her love, but that of the neglected, uncomplaining, devoted wife, if his unkindness did not too early sap the springs of life, would

smooth his passage to the grave, and make the twilight of life radiant with the promise of immortality.

Henry Morgan was not in the humor for attending any place of amusement that evening. He furnished another escort for Isabel, and returned to his own deserted fireside. The deep waves of affection again surged over his being, as he took his guardian angel, his little Nellie in his arms, and kneeling beside the lounge on which his gentle wife, pale, sad, and tearful, was lying, acknowledged his error, asked forgiveness, and again laid all the wealth of a still manly, noble, and generous heart at her feet. It is needless attempting to depict the result.

As if at the enchantment of one magic touch, were upbuilt again beautiful castles in the air, more gorgeous than those which, for three years past, she had been slowly pulling down, day by day, and hour by hour, stone by stone, and story by story. The darkling night which had drawn its thick curtains around her soul, was lifted like the morning mist—for the voice of Love had said, "Let there be light!" Bloomed anew the faded flowers of hope, and the desert of life blossomed as the rose.

As for Belle Austin, her visit was soon concluded. The next that was heard of her, she was officiating as President-ess of a "Reform" Convention, on which occasion she announced her intention of writing another book on "Woman's Wrongs." Whether she intends therein to speak of the flagrant and unpardonable wrong she so recklessly and remorselessly inflicted upon her sister, we are not informed.

DELLI, IOWA.

A Lesson for the Times.

BY KATE SUTHERLAND.

"A letter for you, sir."

Mr. Hardrup took the missive, and the servant withdrew. There was a slight nervousness of manner, as he broke the seal, which was soon followed by a word and gesture of displeasure, as he tossed the opened sheet of paper from his hand.

"What is it, dear?" The gentle face of Mrs. Hardrup was turned towards her husband. A quiet seriousness had come over it.

"A note from one of my tenants."

"He wants his rent reduced?"

"Of course. That's the cry on all hands. If things go on at the present rate for a year longer, I shall be charged for the privilege of letting people live in my houses."

"Who is the tenant?" asked Mrs. Hardrup, without seeming to notice her husband's petulant remark.

"Edward Spring. He occupies the house on Murray street."

"Ah! How much does he wish taken from the rent?" There was a sympathetic tone in Mrs. Hardrup's voice.

"He's been paying four hundred dollars, but has the coolness to ask a reduction of one half! Of course, I'll be liberal, and grant his very reasonable request. Ha! ha!" And Mr. Hardrup affected to laugh, but in a disagreeable way.

"What reason does he assign?"

"Oh! there's no lack of reasons. They're as plenty as blackberries. Anybody can pick them up. Loss of trade; bad debts; depreciated securities; ill-health; general depression in business; any of these will answer.

"Are they not sufficient?" Mrs. Hardrup looked soberly at her husband, and there was about her a spirit that disconcerted him.

"Perhaps so, and perhaps not," he replied. "A truly honest man will not fall back upon these arguments against paying his debts, or meeting his contracts, unless actual disability exist.

"What does Mr. Spring say?"

"You can read for yourself." And Mr. Hardrup tossed the tenant's letter across the table, to his wife. She read:—

"I find myself unable longer to pay four hundred dollars a year rent. I am doing no business at all, so to speak, and other resources, which I have depended on, are cut off entirely. For the next year, two hundred will be as much as I can possibly pay. After that, if times change for the better, I hope to be in a less straitened condition. I have no wish to leave your house; but, as things are, I cannot pay the price you ask for it. You may think it best for me to remain for the present, as houses are not easily rented; and I should prefer remaining to meeting the trouble and expense of moving. Perhaps, at the end of a year, I may find myself able to pay the old price."

"That is straight-forward and honest," said Mrs. Hardrup.

"It's straight-forward enough. As to the honesty, I am not competent to decide. Words are cheap, and as easily constructed into falsehood as truth. Where two hundred dollars can be made by writing a short letter like that, few men are proof against the temptation."

Mrs. Hardrup dropped her eyes away from her husband's face, and sighed, as she looked down at the floor.

"Already," said Mr. Hardrup, knitting his brows, and speaking in a tone of complaint, "my income has been diminished over two thousand dollars through reduction of rents alone. This is frightful! Where is it to end?"

"Shall we not bear our part of this national calamity, John—our part of the loss and suffering?" Mrs. Hardrup's face warmed, and there was a tremor of feeling in her voice.

"We shall have to bear it, whether we are willing or not," answered her husband, coldly.

"Thus far, John, we have really suffered nothing—borne nothing," said Mrs. Hardrup.

"While fortunes have been wrecked, and homes desolated in thousands of instances, the storm has not torn a vine from our windows, nor broken a flower in our garden. So far as this home is concerned, not a comfort has been abated—not a privation endured."

Mr. Hardrup lifted his brows in half surprise, as he turned to look into his wife's animated face.

"And shall we fret and murmur because, in the natural effort at adjustment, when things are disturbed, something of our abundance goes to supply the lack in others? Our case is very much better than that of Mr. Spring. Home comforts have not only been touched with him; but his most precious things are taken."

"What precious things?" The voice of Mr. Hardrup, though still cold, was slightly touched with interest.

"His children."

"Oh!" The tone was softer.

"Three sons are in the army. I saw Mrs. Spring for a few minutes, to-day. As you suggested, I called at Goodyear's to order a garden hose, and met her there. What do you think she was buying? Three India rubber blankets, to send to her boys in camp. Tears stood in her eyes as she talked with me about them. Her Joseph, she said, was so young—not much over seventeen—and never a very strong boy. But, when his brother enlisted, he could not be held back. 'We could have prevented it,' she said, 'but I had not the heart to do so. And then, you know, the country must be saved; and only through battle can that now be done. I have given my children to God and their country, and may never see them on this side of Heaven again.' Her voice choked, and she turned from me. Ah, my husband! it is here that this war is felt. We are in

security. Our house stands firm. The cloud curtaining our sky is not thick enough to hide the warming sunshine. The weight which has fallen upon us is light—very light; and shall we grow impatient under the burden? No, no, my husband! In accepting our share of this great calamity, let us be thankful that it is so easy to be borne; and not only thankful, but ready to help others, who are staggering in the way, and ready to fall. Don't let Mr. Spring move. Rather, let him live rent free for a year. I would prefer having our horses and carriage sold, to seeing that family disturbed. Why, now that I think of it, John"—Mrs. Hardrup's voice became earnest, almost to enthusiasm—"is it just right for us to keep our carriage, at an expense of four or five hundred dollars a year, when we might use that sum in so many ways, in aid of the government?"

Mrs. Hardrup stopped, suddenly. She felt that she was pressing her husband a little too closely, and looked for some half angry or impatient answer. But Mr. Hardrup, who had dropped his eyes while his wife was speaking, continued with them cast upon the floor. He had two sons, boys of twelve and fourteen years of age, away from home, at school, and his life was very much bound up in them. As his wife spoke of Mrs. Spring and her sons, his thought went to these boys, and he imagined them older by a few years. How could he bear to see them subjected to the discipline, hardships, and privation of the camp, or set up as human targets, to be shot at? The father shivered in every nerve.

There was silence for some minutes, and still Mr. Hardrup sat, looking at the questions which had disturbed him from a new standpoint, and losing every moment something of the selfish hardness by which he had been influenced a little while before.

"You will not let Mr. Spring move," said Mrs. Hardrup, in a gentle, but serious voice, breaking in upon her husband's abstracted state.

He raised his eyes, and looked at her for a few moments; and then, without answering, took a sheet of paper, and wrote on it a few lines, with his pen.

"Will that do?" And he pushed the writing towards his wife. She read:—

"Pay what you can; but don't leave the house. The man who has three sons in this war, is entitled to consideration. May you receive them all in safety, when the strife is over."

"That will do, John," she replied, as she rose up hastily, and, passing to the other side of the table, bent down and kissed him. "I would rather have this note from your hands, than the costliest gift in your power to make me."

An interior calmness, a peace and satisfaction, different in kind from anything Mr. Hardrup had ever experienced, came down upon his spirits. That last sentence, from the lips of his wife, as she stood, with her warm breath still upon his cheek, was very grateful to his feelings—more precious, he felt, than silver or gold.

"I would send it around this evening," said Mrs. Hardrup.

Mr. Hardrup folded the note, slipped it into an envelop, and, after directing it, called a servant, and told him to deliver it at once.

"Hark! How violently that bell did ring!" They sit expectant.

"Who is it, James?"

"A girl from Mrs. Howell's."

"What does she want?"

"She says Mrs. Howell's had bad news, and want you and Mr. Hardrup come round there."

"Bad news? What kind of bad news? Where from?"

"It's about her son William, the girl says—he that went with the soldiers."

"Mrs. Hardrup turned pale, as she clasped her hands together.

"What about him, James?"

"He's badly wounded."

"Where?—how? When did it happen?"

"The girl didn't say, ma'am. She's waiting."

"Tell her that we will be round immediately."

The servant retired.

"Oh, dear! here is real trouble," said Mrs. Hardrup, as she arose hastily. "Poor Mrs. Howell! And he was her only son!"

Mr. Hardrup paced the floor with rapid feet, during the few minutes occupied by his wife in a hurried change of dress. He was not now thinking of his diminished income, nor of the money losses which the war had occasioned. These things were pushed back as of light importance, compared with what others were called to endure and suffer.

They walked, in silence, to the residence of Mrs. Howell, only a few blocks distant. The white, ghastly face, that met their eyes on entering, was a vision to haunt the memory for years.

"Oh, my son!—my boy!—my poor, poor

boy!" exclaimed, in wild, sobbing tones, the wretched mother, as they came into her presence.

"What of him, my friend?" asked Mrs. Hardrup.

"Have you not heard? Oh, dear! Oh, my poor boy! His arm carried off by a cannon shot! Oh, my son!—my son! That I should live to see this day!"

In the calmer mood, that succeeded to this paroxysm of distress, Mrs. Howell communicated the intelligence of a battle in Western Virginia, which had just been received. Her son was in one of the companies engaged, and his name appeared in the list of killed and wounded. "An arm carried off by a cannon shot—dangerous." This, and no more, for the agonized mother!

"I must go to him, Mr. Hardrup! I must go to my son." There was an appealing look in the face of Mrs. Howell, not misunderstood by Mr. Hardrup. She was a widow, and poor—the widow of an old friend."

"It is a long distance; travel is interrupted in that region, and it swarms with armed men, who set at defiance all the laws of God and man. You cannot go alone, Mrs. Howell."

"I must go to my wounded and suffering boy, Mr. Hardrup, if I walk through the whole distance. Don't object. Don't put hindrances in my way; but, in God's name, help me!" Her eyes glanced upwards a moment.

"I cannot go with you, Mrs. Howell."

"I do not ask that. I can go alone. But—" She paused.

"You have not the means in hand to go," said Mrs. Hardrup.

"I have not, my friend. You know that my income is small. At this moment I cannot command one-fourth of the sum this journey and its purpose will require."

Mrs. Hardrup turned towards her husband.

"When do you wish to start?" he asked.

"To-night. The cars leave at ten. It is now eight."

"There is no hindrance, Mrs. Howell. I will call for you in our carriage, at half past nine, and supply you with everything needed for the sad journey." Mr. Hardrup spoke feelingly, and with no sign of reluctance. The well-springs of his better nature were breaking up.

In her outgushing thankfulness, Mrs. Howell caught his hand, and kissed it. Deep in the heart of his sympathetic pain, Mr. Hardrup felt a thrill of pleasure.

"Write to me," he said, as he parted with

Mrs. Howell, a little while later, that evening, after placing her in the cars. "Write to me, as soon as you reach your son. I am anxious to know his exact condition. And, if you need my help in anything, don't fail to command me."

"That is real trouble," said Mrs. Hardrup, as her husband came in, after seeing Mrs. Howell to the cars, and sat down with her in the pleasant room, where, surrounded with books, and every home comfort, they usually spent their quiet evenings, as really unconscious in their own persons of war's shocks, disasters, and sufferings, as if smiling peace walked tranquilly through every portion of the land.

"Yes, that is real trouble." Mr. Hardrup echoed the words.

"Was it for her own safety that Mrs. Howell made this great sacrifice?" resumed his wife.

"Was her home and all her worldly goods in actual peril, that she sent out her son to face the common enemy? She had far less to lose in this respect than you and I; and less to gain in the restoration of peace and order. And yet, what we have so far given to the cause, is as nothing in comparison to her offering. Just think of it. Is not the life of a child more precious than silver or gold? I am glad you helped her so freely. If it had been our own son, standing in the place of hers, would a thought of the money to be expended in going to him, have touched your consciousness for a moment? No, not for a moment. And shall we not give willingly, and in thankfulness, that our own home is spared, to help another in so deep a sorrow?"

"Yes—yes. Your thoughts but echo mine," answered Mr. Hardrup. "Better help a hundred poor mothers to reach their wounded and dying sons, than go upon one such tearful errand of our own. To-night's experience has turned my thoughts in a new direction. God forgive me, that I fretted over a diminished income—that I bore, with so ill a grace, the light burden that is resting on my shoulders, while hundreds of thousands, like the poor widow in Scripture, who cast in all her living, are yielding up their whole possessions."

"And we share the benefit to come from this common sacrifice," said Mrs. Hardrup. "If we lose our national existence—if these wicked enemies prevail, what will be our condition? Will this pleasant home remain to us? Will a remnant of property be left? Who can say? A dismembered nation; war, inspired by the deadliest hate, between the broken fragments;

foreign insult and aggression; violence and wrong, throughout the land. I shudder at the picture! If our enemies prove too strong for us, and only through our apathy is this possible—think of the life that is before our children in the coming years. Better any sacrifice, than this calamity! And now comes the question, my husband—are we doing our part in this great extremity?"

"I fear not, so far as I am concerned," was the outspoken answer. "But, I hold myself instructed by the lesson of to-night; and, in all ways that Providence may indicate, through the teaching of events, will endeavor to do my duty, either in actual deeds, or a cheerful acceptance of whatever may come as my share of the common burden. Better give up all, than lose our country; for, in losing that we suffer the greatest possible calamity."

A Chapter of Life.

BY ELSIE VAUGHN.

"Those who live true life, love true love."

Five years have passed, and I can look back to the old time, now, without a heart-griever, else this had never been told. The time has been, since the orange blossoms drooped against my cheek, when a familiar tone thrilling the chords of memory, would send the warm blood crimsoning into my cheeks; and a whispered name, once sacred to my lips, would throw a chill over me which only that of death can equal. But the spell is broken at last, and my grateful heart cries, "My Lord, I thank thee, that I have been preserved blameless."

It was not profanation when I took the marriage-vow upon me. I promised to love, honor and obey. I could not promise to let no thought of the past disturb my weary heart. I have kept my promise, as the loving eyes testify which are glancing along these lines, when they chance to meet mine; and the warm lips whisper,

"Poor little Elsie, is she happy now?"

When the sunlight of love first blessed my soul, then I learned what a beautiful thing is life; and when I knew that there was another heart which beat in symphony with mine, the world became a Paradise for me. The orphan ward of a maiden aunt, I prized this love the more from my former desolation. It seemed to me a boon direct from Heaven. I hope it was. My life had not been spent in solitude; dear good old aunty dates my belleship back to the time when I wore pantalettes; but none other

had ever possessed power to waken a single note of gladness in my heart. So when I began to watch his coming, with eager eyes; when his voice would cause my heart to stop its beating, I was wildly glad that I had found something to love.

I remember, one day, when news of the death of a loved one was brought to one of our young friends, her faith was in God; she was not comfortless. Auntie said,

"How well she bears it; I hope you would be thus sustained."

All the rebellion in my passionate nature arose, and I said,

"If Paul should die, I should hate God."

Perhaps it was for this that our paths were separated. Then I thought death the greatest grief; but I have learned my mistake. If Paul had died, my beautiful dream would never have been shattered. I should love him still. Then the long hours of agony would have been spared me. The restless desolation which made life seem as though all the freshness had been swept out of it, would never have fallen on me. So much of my life's energy would not have been spent in useless spirit-groans, and wicked, painful prayers, which God never answered.

I look back with shuddering, to the time when my heart was "a drear Golgotha of passion; an arid waste of despair," made so through death of the love which I once bore Paul, all the more terrible from the passion, and pride, and strength of that love. I marvel that so much could die of my being, and the semblance of life remain. If I had died, he would have said my love was stronger than my soul; I despise the thought of being called weak. When I said to my love, "Down! I will press out the last breath of your life," and from its trembling and quiverings, I hushed it into death-like stillness; then he knew that I was strong—that my will would neither yield to him, nor to any passion.

Oh, the life we pictured to ourselves was fairer than any other ever found, I ween! There were to be no clouds, no dark days for us. We were to have a Heaven on earth, and in our sacrilege we thought either of us would be loth to leave it for the happiness which God could give us. I thought all the wild wretchedness was about to leave me, and I should be at rest. How I loved that word. I, who never knew rest, until I learned to obey God's command, "Be ye not idolaters."

Imperious, proud and exacting, neither of us could yield; neither could forgive. That is

why our idol was shattered—his as well as mine. If I had known that it was unpleasant for him to see gentlemen's names, old school-mates, signed to letters in my possession, they never should have been written. I would have humored even his whims. But when he said to me, his promised wife, who had told him a thousand times how well I loved him. "Elsie, you do not love me. You are a trifling coquette, and you shall not write;" then it was that the curtain dropped away from our future, and I saw plainly, as if in letters of fire, what awaited me as his wife. To have my love questioned, when I loved him more than life; to be told "you shall not!" I said, "No, I do not love you;" and it was true. As sudden as that my love died; it was only its memory that disturbed me afterwards. I tried to forgive him, tried to love him again. I forgive such words! Teach the lioness to forgive one who robs her of her whelps!

When we parted, he wished me a life of happiness. I said, "I shall have it." I did not believe my own words then, for I thought he had robbed me of my treasures, and desecrated the temple. He only taught me my strength; I thank him for it now.

When I married Earnest Malcolm, it was not to punish Paul, nor to gratify my pride. It was because with him I had found that true rest which comes to us so seldom, and I knew there was no man in the world that I could love but him. Yet when they robed me for my bridal, in the clouds of lace and gauze, I trembled and felt faint at first; for, in my wardrobe hung a black velvet—a regal thing; a single diamond blazed upon its bosom—with gloves, and veil, and pearls. This should have been my wedding dress, and I thought of the one whose arms would have clasped me. One cruel pang; 'twas the dead love struggling for life, and I was calm again and happy. After the ceremony, I thanked God, in silent prayer, that he had given me a true heart to lean upon. When I received our congratulations, I grew pale a little, for the name was a new one, and not what I had thought to hear.

We came to our home at last; it is not the splendid mansion with its elegant appointments that Paul and I were to have had; it is a pleasant bird's nest of a cottage—we are happy here. One evening we were looking at the pictured faces of our friends. I opened the last one that I held; it was my own face with Paul's. We had had them taken so, but I did not know that it was in my possession. It came so suddenly, I suppose, that I fainted;

for when I opened my eyes, the pictures were all put away. As I lay there with my head resting on Earnest's heart, a throng of painful memories rushed over my soul. While he thought me in blissful insensibility, a terrible struggle was going on in my breast. Not between love and duty; they were not discordant, but between the memory of the past and the present. That picture revived the thought of the old time when I had trusted him so. It is terrible to suffer the tortures of misplaced confidence; it is hard to see our idols turn to clay. I thought of what he had been to me. I thought of him in his altered character, when I could see him as he was. Then my soul rose above all weakness, and I knew that never more the thought of Paul would pain me.

And so his wickedness had no power over me, when, the bride of a twelvemonth, I stood again by his side. Accident had placed us so, and in the glare of the lamp-light, and the flow of music, I knew not who was beside me, until the old words were spoken in my ear. Give back the love that he had starved, and I the wife of another! Were there no other dearer to me, I could not call the dead to life; but now I despised him for his baseness. Never again did his presence awaken a thrill in my soul; the spell was broken at last; and though my life has been troubled that I gave my love to one unworthy of it, I am happy now that I had strength to see my false divinity taken away, and a true one established in its place, where I may ever worship—and worshipping, be blest.

The Second Mother.

BY MRS. V. M'CONAUGHY.

A weary time had the three little birdlings in Mr. Helmes' cottage, when she, "the sweet mother dove," had folded her white wings in Paradise. A weary time, for, though their father was a kind-hearted man, his business called him away all day in the city, and when the latest evening train brought him to his home again, but little time was left for converse with his little ones. Their mother had been all the world to them.

"We are all utterly lost without her," said the father to his pastor. "I never had the faculty of arranging matters with the children, of drawing out their confidence, and harmonizing all disquieting matters. I have often looked with astonishment on the ease with which she could accomplish all such things,

and felt they were safest in her hands; what can my motherless ones do without her?"

A widow lady, somewhat advanced in life, was warmly recommended by a friend, in whose good judgment Mr. Helmes confided, as a general superintendent of the children and household; and into her hands the little immortal spirits were entrusted. She possessed the commendable habits of economy and industry; but if ever a fair, sweet flower of feeling had blossomed by the doorway of her heart, it had long since withered, and the very root dried up for want of a single dewdrop to refresh it. The little ones soon learned to shrink from the decided tread of her creaking shoes, so different from the soft footfall which used to make their hearts bound with gladness. Soon they found the circle of their simple pleasures grow narrower and still narrower, until there seemed nothing left. She "should not have the floor littered up by all that trumpery;" so their pretty playthings were packed away in a closet, the key of which dangled at Mrs. Terry's side. Even Carrie's precious dolly, little Florence, with her auburn curls, whose dainty wardrobe mother's own sweet fingers had helped to fashion, was shut away, with all her pretty robes, in a broken band-box. Carrie cried a long morning over it, for which bad behaviour she was sharply reproved, and told "how grateful she ought to be, that some one was willing to take pity on her forlorn condition, with no mother to see to anything; and would even put up with so much for the sake of keeping every thing from going to wreck and ruin."

So poor Carrie was silenced, though in her secret heart she wished the disinterested stranger had kept away, and let things go to wreck and ruin. Yet she was the oldest of the flock, and sought as wisely as a child of eight summers could to comfort little Neddie and May. Dear little May, she suffered most, for she was a delicate, timid child, and the four years' gentle nursing on that loving bosom, had little fitted her for the chilling blast in which her spirit shivered now. Her nervous system was too finely strung for its frail casement, and it was plain to the discerning eyes of the new nurse that "the child had been babied too much and needed toughening."

Among other failings was an instinctive dread of darkness, and though much tender care had been taken to remove her groundless fears, as yet they had but partially succeeded. This was denounced at once as "a great piece of foolishness," and the little one was taken to

her bed, when kind Aunt Mary was obliged to return to her home again, with never a tender kiss nor a good night blessing.

"Please don't take away the light, nurse, I am so 'fraid of the dark," said the little one.

"Fudge," said the nurse, in a contemptuous tone. "You know just as well as I do, there is nothing in the dark to hurt you. It is all a pretence, and I shall take down the light just as soon as I have put these clothes away."

The child cried out in terror and dismay—

"Oh, I want my mamma to come home."

"Your mother has gone to Heaven, and it is very doubtful whether you will ever go there and see her again, if you are such a naughty girl," was the soothing reply.

The little one's sobs redoubled, and struck like an arrow to the heart of the bereaved father, who was passing through the hall to his own apartment.

"No mother to soothe her now," he thought, as he paused by the partly opened door.

"What is little May crying about?" he asked, kindly.

"I am 'fraid of the dark, papa, and nurse will take the light away. When will my mamma come back, papa?"

A deep, half-smothered sigh was her only answer, as he sat down on the edge of the little bed.

"Will baby go to sleep on the sofa in papa's room, while papa writes?" he asked. A glad cry, and an upreaching of the soft white arms, were a sufficient answer. He bore the little white-robed figure to his own apartment, placing a pillow for her head, and wrapping his shawl about her; then after a few gentle, loving words, he returned to his absorbing cares again. It was enough though, for the little heart beat happily, and soon forgot its troubles in peaceful slumbers. In mercy has "the good All-father" ordered it, that the griefs of childhood should be transient as

— "The dew-drop on the rose—

When next the summer breeze comes by
And waves the bush—the flower is dry."

The little one was not left alone in the dark again, as the father expressly forbade it, and Mrs. Terry was too politic to risk incurring his displeasure. Indeed, that lady daily furnished the few remaining charms she might have supposed herself to possess, with a secret hope in her heart that she might one day command where she now served.

Many months sped on, and little Carrie grew daily more unhappy, her little sister more

fragile, and sturdy Ned, who needed a steady, gentle, restraining hand, more boisterous and rebellious.

But a blessed day dawned on that household. The father brought to his fire-side a second mother for his little ones. The disappointed widow explained the matter to them before-hand, and encouraged them with the assurance, that "now they would find they had to 'stand around.' There would be no more running to father with complaints; if they did it would do no good. They would soon learn that their grumbling had been when they were well off."

It was with no very high anticipations that they watched for the afternoon train, which was to bring the stranger to them. The autumn leaves spread a carpet for the bride, as she walked up the shaded path which led to the door of her new home. The children glanced at her shyly as she entered the parlor. There was no enthusiastic demonstration; but she greeted each one quietly and tenderly, calling them by their respective names. There was no bustle or ceremony, and the children looked up curiously into that clear, frank eye, which met them full and fairly, yet with a quiet, kindly smile. It was only a common face, yet the eye was one which children quickly learn to respect, and on no other foundation can love rest securely.

"A little fire seems pleasant such a chilly day," she said, as she drew off her gloves, and warmed her fingers before the polished grate. "Will Carrie be kind enough to take my bonnet and shawl?" she added, pleasantly.

The little girl came forward with a light step, pleased with the idea that she could be useful, and Mrs. Helmes seated herself by the fire, taking up little May very quietly, and placing her on her knee.

"Can May warm my cold fingers?" she said, with a half smile, as she slipped one fair hand between the little one's small palms. With a bright smile the little one looked up, and there was a quick interchange of magnetic glances. It was a mere touch of a skilful player on that finest of all instruments, the human heart; yet little May was won. She wrapped up both hands, playfully, in her little white apron, and folded her arms above them, looking the picture of content and happiness.

Neddie was not much abashed, and gathering up his six year old courage, inquired, boldly, if "papa had brought them home any presents. Biddy said, he ought to."

"If I am not mistaken, he has not forgotten

you. We will look in the travelling-trunk after supper and see."

"I want my presents now," he persisted.

"I think we had better wait," said the same clear voice, and that calm, blue eye looked with the same steady smile into his. Ned felt that smile, and from that moment knew on which side the power lay.

It was not many days before the house began to wear a different aspect. "Old Shades," as saucy Cousin Will used to call the self-sacrificing Mrs. Terry, had taken her departure, and everything seemed to brighten up. The solemn stiffness which invested even the chairs by the walls, suddenly fled away. But no where was the change more apparent than in the little nursery. Fresh white curtains shaded the windows, looped back by tasteful pink ribbons and rosettes, which the children could never sufficiently admire; a simple chintz-covered lounge was added to its furniture; and above all, the old-time playthings were drawn forth from their hiding-places, to gladden the little hearts which had so often sighed for them.

The new mamma had a wonderful fund of ingenuity in contriving new amusements and playthings, often, by a half hour's skilful use of her bright scissors and shining needle, affording them a whole day's, and even week's enjoyment. Such marvellous cats and kittens as those little scissors could cut out of a bit of gray or black cloth. And then it was perfect witch-work the way those small fingers could fashion over a fragment of cotton flannel into a plump, white rabbit; a pair of red beads for eyes completing the enchantment. It was a unanimous verdict after this astonishing performance, that "mamma knew how to do everything." What a trifle it takes to amuse children, and home-made toys give far more pleasure than more expensive ones, as they exercise a child's talent in contriving and fashioning them. Any one may learn, with slight painstaking, many little arts for making home pleasant to the little ones; and no woman's education should be considered finished without these simple accomplishments. Alice Helmes had been for several years a teacher among children, and there can scarcely be a better preparation for woman's life mission. The minds and hearts of her children were carefully cultivated, and their physical education was not neglected. Little May's cheeks began to grow plump and rosy under the combined influence of abundant out-door exercise, wholesome, appetizing food, and above all, the sweet sunshine of love in which her life was passed.

All the children throve under her judicious guiding hand, as they never could if left to the care of mere hirelings. Indeed, I have scarcely ever seen a home that was not better off, with a step-mother at its head, than with no mother at all, even though that step-mother had many imperfections, and failed in many points of duty, as alas! what own mother does not?

God bless the noble step-mother, wherever in our fair land she may be, who is striving daily in her Heavenly Father's strength to discharge faithfully her arduous duties. Let her strive to cultivate a brave, resolute spirit, which can look the world fearlessly in the eye, with all its censoriousness. All the world makes way before a determined, fearless spirit; while a cringing, wavering nature, can never command respect.

Above all, let her live a daily life of faith and prayer, so that the sunlight of divine love may always shine within her breast, however dark the clouds without.

Battle Fields of Our Fathers.

BY VIRGINIA F. TOWNSEND.

CHAPTER III.

Old Mrs. Palmer had had a "touch of the rheumatism" on her return from her last visit to her son's; and Grace had gone down to her grandmother's with a famous syrup, whose ingredients had been communicated to her mother by a sick Indian woman, whom she had received into her house, and nursed through several weeks of severe illness, during the first year of Mrs. Palmer's marriage; and the squaw had evinced her gratitude to her benefactress by embroidering her various ornamental cushions and slippers, in all those quaint and beautiful devices in which the esthetic element discloses itself among her race; and had at last inducted her hostess into the mysteries of several syrups and decoctions, of wonderful medicinal properties, for which her tribe was famous among the Indians.

And Mrs. Comfort Palmer solemnly averred that the most skillful ointments and decoctions which civilization had produced, had not the power of eliminating the pain which crept with the autumn chills through her bones, like the magical syrup of the old Indian woman. Grace walked rapidly along, a smile loitering in and out of her lips, for that night she was to attend the singing school, and make her debut at the old mill tavern with the minister's nephew in her new dress; and she had an

agreeable consciousness that both would produce a strong sensation at the school-house and the tavern.

It was one of the last days of November. The earth had rolled up and laid by all her garments of praise; the trees stood desolate and bare without the "joy of leaves," and yet the day was beautiful, with the lost beauty of the summer.

Winds, soft as the May's, loitered among the barren branches, and the sunlight and the sodden earth lay under the warm, sweet sunshine; and the year, hanging on the skirts of winter, had forgotten her old age, and had lapsed into a dream of her youth. And walking, as I said, rapidly, and feeling amid the flutter of her pleasant thoughts—for Grace was dreaming, like the day—a gladness at her heart for the beauty about her, the young girl turned suddenly from the turnpike into the pasture, which considerably diminished the distance home. And treading along the short, faded grass, she suddenly espied, in a corner of the lot, a young oak, around which a wild grape-vine had clambered, and near the top of which hung a dozen clusters of frost grapes, gleaming in the sunlight like purple goblets veined with gold.

"How beautiful they do look!" murmured Grace. "They'll be the last I shall see for a year. I wonder if I can't get them now? I might mount those bars, and catch hold of the lower limb of that sapling. I'd climbed, before I was ten years old, taller trees than that, when the cherries were ripe in grandma's back yard; and there's nobody to see me here."

She was light of foot, and agile of limb; she mounted the round bars easily, and caught hold of one of the upper branches of the sapling.

It swayed to and fro, as the girl did, mounted on the bars, but she held her place and the twig firmly; and the next moment she had grasped the branch, and the great clusters were almost in her hands, when a voice close at hand sung out,

"Wait, Miss Grace, a minute. I'll get them for you."

She looked down in surprise and confusion, and recognized the speaker.

"If I had suspected anybody would see me, I shouldn't have been up here; but as you've had a good view of me, it's useless to excuse myself now."

There was a natural grace and fitness in this apology, which would have done honor to any high bred lady in any court.

The young man whom she addressed had

taste and sense enough to appreciate both the reply and the graceful attitude of the girl, as she stood poised on the bars. He gave her his hands, and she sprang lightly down on the grass; and the next moment he had resumed her place on the bars, and the clusters were tumbling at her feet.

"Oh, thank you, Mr. Jarvys. You're entitled to half of them by right of conquest."

"But not by right of discovery, which is the prior one," filling her basket with the clusters. "Do you know, Miss Grace, I was on my way to your house and have fortunately encountered you?"

With a woman's acuteness she divined the young man's errand. "I thought you were out of town."

"Yes. I only returned from Worcester last evening, where I'd gone on some business for father, which detained me. They've got the war fever high up there, Miss Grace."

"I'm glad to hear it. Every son of America should be true to his country now," said Grace, with energy; for her quick instincts divined a shade of disapproval, or contempt in this remark.

"Of course, he should," answered the young man, with an emphasis, in striking contrast with his last words. "I rejoice to see the spirit and unity of the colonies against the usurpations of the mother country. And now, if you'll allow me, I'll come to my errand at once?"

"Certainly, Mr. Jarvys," intently occupied at the moment, in arranging the grapes in her basket, in artistic fashion.

"I suppose you have heard of the singing to-night, and the gathering at the old mill tavern. If you are not engaged already, as is most likely, I should like the honor of your company. I didn't get back until to-day, or I should have made bold to ask it before."

"Thank you, Mr. Jarvys, I should be happy to accept your invitation, if I had not another's."

The young man's brow darkened a little, and a shadow of disappointed or bitter feeling entirely changed the character and expression of Richard Jarvys's face; he kept on silently by the side of Grace through the short, sodden grass, and his brow gradually cleared up, as he thought that he had no right to be disappointed; "of course, such a girl as Grace Palmer would be engaged for a frolic, by some fellow lucky enough to be on hand in time."

Grace was naturally kind-hearted, and thinking from her companion's silence that he was

wounded at her delicate refusal, she looked up with some playful sally, intended to atone for any wound that his pride had sustained.

The cloud was gone from Richard Jarvys's face now. He answered in the same bantering fashion, and they went jesting and chatting, after the manner of young men and women, through the long pasture.

Many persons called Richard Jarvys's face handsome; but, they were usually people not very acute in physiognomy, or profound in the knowledge of human nature. The more one penetrated the young man's face, I think, the less they liked it; yet, all the features were good, and the first glance certainly gave an agreeable impression. A florid complexion, with sharp, gray eyes, coarse, lustrous black hair, and a fine, muscular figure, with a jaunty, self-possessed air, struck one on a first meeting with Richard Jarvys. The mouth looked well enough in repose, except for a certain weakness, which every successive glance corroborated; but it had suggestions of meanness and obstinacy, which had not yet hardened themselves into a part of its character, and only occasional circumstances developed them; and which, once seen, would be keys opening into hidden corners and closets of the man's character, of which he had no suspicion.

He was the son of a wealthy ship-owner, who resided about a mile from Deacon Palmer's, and the young man had hardly a rival among the rustic beaux of the neighborhood. He was shrewd, lively, social; had seen a good deal of the world, having taken several voyages in his father's vessels, with that quick observation, and that faculty of making the most of his information, which always causes a man to be taken for quite all that he is worth.

The young people had reached the lane which turned up to Grace's home. On one side of this was a field, flanked by a low stone wall, and a tall old butternut tree grew close to the wall, a few rods from the pasture, and the knotty branches were shaking their tassels of faded leaves in the soft winds, as though it too was dreaming of the lost glory of May.

The long walk, and the pleasant talk, had deepened the blossoms in the cheek of Grace Palmer, and the sight of them stirred the soul of Richard Jarvys. A thought flashed over his mind that the present was the time to ask the question, which he had made up his mind to a year ago, as soon as he felt the ground secure enough.

"Where was the use of delay?" he mused; "somebody else might anticipate him in this

matter, as had been done in the smaller one; and he looked on the sweet beauty of Grace Palmer, with a greedy longing to feel that it belonged to him, and a selfish fear that another might rob him of it. Any higher feeling, was not in the nature of the man. No sense of self-sacrifice; no humiliating consciousness of unworthiness of the great gift which he was about to seek, and which would have impressed a noble nature at such a time, swayed the heart of Richard Jarvys. Still, there was a little quiver of doubt and agitation, in the tones which said—

"Grace, if you are not in too great a hurry, I wish you would sit down a few moments on the wall, here; I want to speak to you."

With a woman's quick instinct, Grace divined what was coming. She would gladly have seized any pretext to avoid it; but, none offered itself. So, she let her companion seat her under the butternut tree, saying, as unconcernedly as possible—

"I must be back before sundown, Mr. Jarvys, as I promised mother I'd get the biscuit into the oven before five o'clock."

This very practical rejoinder did not succeed in dampening the ardor of the young man. He looked in the girl's face; he drew close to her side, and, in the next few moments, Grace Palmer knew that the hand and the name which were considered the greatest prize in all her neighborhood, were at her disposal. She was not a flirt; she was a generous, sympathetic woman; and her heart fluttered with pain and embarrassment; for, Richard had plead his cause with all the art of which he was master.

"Mr. Jarvys, you do me a great honor; but—but—you will forgive me—I cannot accept it."

"Why not?" asked Richard Jarvys; and his voice was husky and greedy.

"Because, I cannot give you respect and friendship—that is all."

"No, Grace, don't say that;" and he clutched her hand. "You will learn to love me; for, there is nothing that I will not do to make you; and I shall be satisfied with what you can give me. Do not turn away from me, Grace. You shall be loved better than ever woman was loved before."

Passion gave to the tones of Richard Jarvys an almost magnetic intensity. A shadow of doubt and anxiety passed over the girl's face. She looked up at the young man, as though, for a moment, her own feelings wavered with a doubt whether he did not speak the truth,

and she might not, after all, learn to love him. But her heart was true to its own instinct. A shudder, too faint for Richard Jarvys to perceive, crept over the girl, with the thought of being his wife.

"Richard," she answered; for they had been playmates in their childhood, "if I could give you any hope, I would; but, you know it would be sin for me to say what my heart does not endorse—what I feel from its depths that it never can. I am grateful to you for the honor that your offer does me; and you will find some woman far worthier of it than I am, who will be proud of your love."

And, with these words, Grace rose up; for it was time to end this interview.

Richard Jarvys dropped her hand as though it burnt him, buried his face in his own; for he would not have Grace see the storm which went over him—a storm of passion, bitterness, and disappointment.

Grace walked a few rods down the lane, and then she turned back—

"Richard, forgive me for what I have said; and let us be friends—always;" and she gave him her hand. He took it, and said—

"We will be friends, Grace."

But his manner did not quite satisfy her, as she went on. And before Grace Palmer had reached the end of the lane, Richard Jarvys rose up, and looked after her. A sullen, baffled, malignant glance, darted after the girl, which proved that the wound which Richard Jarvys's pride had received, was one which would make him Grace Palmer's enemy forever; that all the gentleness of her refusal had not stirred his generosity; and that the memory of that afternoon, would always rankle in his soul.

"I hope Richard isn't angry with me," mused Grace, as her rapid feet went along the brown grass. "To think I've had an offer this afternoon—from Richard Jarvys, too. What would the girls say?" Well I'm really sorry, as I couldn't accept it."

"Are you truly sorry for it, Grace?" softly whispered the girl's conscience, at this stage of her cogitations.

She was too honest to attempt to evade the matter with any pretty sophistries; and Grace was a young girl, and it was not in the nature of things that she should feel otherwise than flattered at the compliment which she had received.

"Well, at all events, I *should* be sorry, if I thought it would give Richard any long pain or sorrow; and he did seem very much in

earnest," was the conclusion of her ruminations as she opened the garden gate.

"Mother, what do you think has happened this afternoon?" asked Grace, as she hurried into the pantry, where her mother was busily engaged in preparing a pile of doughnuts for frying.

"I can't tell, child. You've been gone long enough. Grandma had a fresh attack of rheumatis?"

"Oh, no; she's pretty smart, considering. Don't you think, mother," drawing a little closer to her, and lowering her voice to a mysterious whisper, "I've had an offer of marriage, this afternoon!"

"Why, Grace! what do you mean?" holding still the long strip of dough she was convolving, in her amazement. "Who did it come from?"

"From Richard Jarvys, mother. He found me on the way home. You see he was coming up here to invite me to the singing-school, this evening."

"Well, I declare Grace!—what would your father say? Richard's a nice, likely young man, and 'I'll make his own way in the world."

"I know it, mother; but I couldn't have him, and I told him so;" and here Grace related to her much interested parent all that had transpired under the butternut tree.

Richard Jarvys's brisk, pleasant ways, had made an agreeable impression on Mrs. Palmer; moreover, his father was the richest man in the neighborhood; and, though Mrs. Palmer was a very good woman, she was not without a share of social ambition for her daughter.

"We're in no hurry to get rid of you, for the best man in the world, Grace; but there isn't a girl who'd have let such a chance slip, within a long distance of here. You know that Richard will inherit his father's property, for he's an only child?"

"I know it, mother; but you wouldn't have me accept a man for his money, when I didn't love him?"

"Oh, no; of course not, child;" hastening to reassure Grace, on a matter in which principle was involved. "I'm sure I didn't marry your father from any such motive; for there were those who could have laid down their hundreds, for every dollar of Daniel Palmer's, when I promised to be his wife."

"Well, mother, I am your own daughter; if ever I marry any man, it will be as you did my father—for love only;" slipping off her straw bonnet, as she spoke.

"That's the right way to talk, Grace. I've

never seen the hour that I regretted my choice;" and Mrs. Palmer returned to her intricate convolutions of dough, which she accomplished with wonderful dexterity.

"But after all, Grace," continued Mrs. Palmer, in a tone of solemn admonition, heaving a sigh, "it isn't best for young girls to have their minds too much set on gettin' married. They little imagine all the trials and troubles they've got to go through with. Men are very different bein's from angels; and though they're ready enough at making promises, it's another thing when it comes to keepin' 'em."

"But there's father, you know, mother?" interposed Grace, certain that no arguments in favor of the stronger sex, would be half so forcible as this allusion, which, at least, afforded one solitary refutation of her mother's theory.

"Your father, Grace, isn't to be named among most men.

Grace opened her lips to speak, but her mother's olfactories were at that moment assailed by an odor of burning fat.

"I'd forgot all about that shortnin'!" cried Mrs. Palmer, hurrying from the pantry to the kettle, which hung over the kitchen fire, all her reflections on the weakness and inconstancy of man, for the time, put to flight.

"Grace, Mr. Dudley's down stairs. My stars!—how spruce you do look!"

Robert Palmer made this exclamation, as he thrust his head into his sister's chamber; and she turned from the mirror, where she was putting the finishing touches to her hair, and confronted her brother. She seemed, in the candle-light, to be stepping out of a bright, pink cloud, as the folds of her new dress fell about her; for Grace's complexion required a background of warm, vivid colors. She was dressed very plainly; a small, snowy ruffle was crimped about her neck, and she had wound a few sprays of wintergreen in her hair; and the red berries flashed like rubies, among the green leaves.

"Will I do, Robert?" asked the girl, standing still a moment before her brother; for Grace had an unusual desire to look well this evening.

"Do?" said the boy, walking around his sister, and surveying her with evident admiration—why, Grace, I don't believe there'll be a girl there that can hold a candle to you."

"Oh, be still, now. I wanted to know if I did look decent." But a pleased smile on her

lips, told that the brother's genuine admiration had had its effect.

The old mill tavern presented a jubilant spectacle, for thirty-five couples gathered under its roof that night, hilarious with youth and spirits; and the long room, where two generations had so often danced into the dawn, shook once more under quick glancing feet; and as the hours waxed later, the violins poured out their liveliest jigs, and the dancers grew more and more intoxicated with the music and the motion. And to Grace Palmer it seemed one of the happiest evenings of her life—one whose bright and vivid coloring shone down warmly through the gray mists of the years; and amid whose scenes, and events, and feelings, her memory used to linger, when she went up to the east windows of her life, and looked off to the land of her youth.

How fair she looked with the sparkle in her eyes, and the glow on her cheeks; no wonder rustic hearts throbbed with envy as they saw the parson's graceful nephew, and yet they were all compelled to bestow a grudging admiration on the fine appearance he made when he danced with the deacon's daughter.

Grace was in constant demand that night; and she was too obliging to refuse to go through a single "reel" with any of her rustic admirers; for they were all either the play-mates of her infancy, or the friends of her youth.

The minister's nephew entered into the spirit of the occasion with great enjoyment, and won the smiles and admiration of a score of bright eyes and rosy lips, with whom he danced and joked.

There was only one thing, which, for a moment, threw a slight shadow over Grace's enjoyment that night, and that was when she encountered a glance from Richard Jarvys's eyes. There was something in their expression which affected her like a chill; but he smiled, and bowed in his old, cordial fashion, and Grace shook off the feeling, thinking she must have been mistaken in his look.

But Edward Dudley, with his quiet observation, had seen more than Grace, the start with which the young man recognized them both; then the baleful, sinister glance which surveyed him rapidly from head to foot, and lighted on Grace in a manner which very plainly said that he had found the solution of some problem in which she was concerned.

"Who is that man to whom you just bowed, Miss Grace?" asked Edward Dudley, as soon as Richard was engrossed with his partner in the dance.

"Oh, that was Mr. Jarvys; his father lives in the old stone house, half a mile beyond ours, on the public road. You may have seen it?"

"Yes; is the young man a friend of yours?"

The question was so abrupt, that remembering what had transpired the afternoon before, Grace's cheeks brightened a little; and this too did not escape the penetrating eyes of Edward Dudley.

"Oh, yes; I have known Richard from a little boy, when he used to drag me on his sled to school!"

"How curious that he should ask me!" thought Grace. "I suppose it is because Richard Jarvys is decidedly the most gentleman-like person here."

And then she wondered to herself why she had not liked Richard Jarvys better! He was so superior to any of the neighborhood; she had had, for more than a year, a secret conviction that he was fond of her, and that the slight reserve in her manner alone prevented him from declaring it. And she could give no satisfactory reason why she had never been able to overcome this reserve in her manner towards Richard Jarvys, and why she had always been conscious of a slightly repellant feeling when in his society. Her father and mother both liked him, and would, she knew, have favored his suit beyond that of any young man in the vicinity of her home.

"It is strange!" said Grace, standing by the window, after the dance was over, and thinking on these things.

"What is strange?" asked Edward Dudley, who had been translating some of these thoughts from the fair face, with the key to them, which Richard Jarvys's glance had given him.

"Have I been talking to myself, Mr. Dudley? I beg your pardon!"

Just then, the door into the dining-hall opened wide, and Mrs. Trueman, the buxom hostess of old mill tavern, stood smiling on her guests from the head of the table, on which she had expended a more than usual amount of culinary skill and taste. In the centre of the table was a snowy obelisk of frosted cake, flanked on either side with broiled chickens, done, to a dainty brown, and delicious slices of cold tongue, and ham rolled up into small brown hillocks; and at either end was the great wooden trenchers of apples, wearing the red, and russet, and gold, into which the kisses of a whole summer had warmed them; and by their side were the pyramids of nuts, and the great tankards of golden cider; and close

at hand was what Mrs. Trueman regarded as the crowning glory of the feast, the rows of pies and tarts, with the glow of Rhenish wine in their centres, pumpkins yellow as the golden rod that flamed along the turnpike road, every autumn, and mince pies, with crusts just the rich shade of cream in Mrs. Trueman's china pitcher.

The hostess of old mill tavern was a favorite with everybody for miles around. She was a small, plump, well-preserved little woman, whose life had slipped off at least forty-five of its birth-days. It did one good to see the bright, cheery smile of the widow; to hear her brisk, pleasant voice, that was like a draught of cool, fresh wind, clearing up and vitalizing the air.

Mrs. Trueman was a stirring, shrewd, sagacious little woman, with a marvellous amount of ingenuity, and "faculty" for turning her hand to anything, and a ready wit to meet any conjunction of circumstances. She was full of a magnetic, vitalizing sort of promptness and force, which every one felt who was brought in contact with her; and for nine years she had been the bustling, energetic successor of her husband, whose death was the heaviest blow that had ever fallen upon the warm, quick heart of Charity, the widow of Jonathan Trueman.

Two children had been born to them; Lucy, who was now nineteen, pretty and plump, with black eyes full of saucy laughter, and lips whose curves and dimples answered the eyes, and who was very much what her mother had been a score of years before her; and Nathaniel, who was two years younger than his sister, and took after his father, his mother said; a tall, slender, thoughtful youth, with a wonderful beauty, and sweetness, and spirituality of expression.

The thirty-five couples poured out into the dining-room, and for the hour that followed there was nothing to be heard but the hums of happy voices, the peals of merry laughter, and the sharp clatter of the dishes, for the appetites of Mrs. Trueman's guests, whetted by four hours of violent exercise, did full credit to her supper.

Mrs. Trueman, and Mrs. Palmer had been schoolmates in their youth, and although they lived two miles apart, a neighborly friendship and intimacy had always existed between them, and this had been perpetuated by their daughters; so, at the close of the supper, little Lucy Trueman, whose sparkling black eyes had been brimming over with fun and

enjoyment all the evening, made her way to Grace, and putting down her lips to her ear, whispered,

"Grace, I want to take the pattern of those sleeves of yours. They're just the prettiest things! Do come out into the kitchen. Ma'll want to see you, too."

"Mayn't I come too, Miss Lucy?" interposed Edward Dudley, who, standing by Grace's side, for they had risen from the table now, caught the last part of the girl's whisper.

Lucy had danced with the minister's nephew twice that evening, and any slight embarrassment which she might first have experienced in the gentleman's presence, combined with his antecedents, had now quite vanished.

"Yes; come on," she answered, with her bright twitter of a laugh, which disclosed the dimples at the corners of her mouth. "I'll risk a scolding from mother, if you'll promise to shut your eyes when you get there, for everything's at sixes and sevens now."

"Oh, I'll promise anything, so you'll give me a free ticket," laughed the gentleman, as he followed the bright head.

Mrs. Trueman had just come into the room to give some orders respecting the "chiny," when looking up she encountered her guests as they entered the kitchen, marshalled by her daughter.

"Grace, I'm glad to see you. Oh, Lucy, what are you up to, bringing gentlemen into such a place," was her somewhat ambiguous reception of the minister's nephew.

"He wanted to come, mother, and I told him I'd risk a scolding from you; so here he is."

"Yes, and I'm going to make myself at home, too, Mrs. Trueman," laughed the young man, as he took a seat by the girls in that off-hand fashion, which was the shortest road to Mrs. Trueman's complaisance.

"There's no use in sending you back now, as I see," rejoined the hostess, with a glance round the wide old kitchen, which was in a state of general "topey turvy." "You must take us as you find us. Grace, you are looking very scrumptious this evening."

"Yes, and I'm going to have the pattern of those sleeves for my new plaid," and Lucy bustled up with a paper and a pair of scissors. "It won't take you but a moment, will it Grace?"

"Oh no, Lucy," smoothing the paper on a corner of the table, while Mrs. Trueman informed her that she had just "got her chain-pattern quilt on, and wanted her mother to

come over and pass the afternoon day after to-morrow."

"Oh, Grace, I must show you my new present. Uncle Josiah brought it from London last week. You know that he's a sea captain."

"I looked it up in the old sideboard up stairs," said her mother, slipping a small key from a dozen which hung suspended about her waist by a black ribbon. "You're such a careless jade, Lucy. I didn't dare to trust with it."

"Well, grandpa says I'm just as like you as two peas in a pod," retorted the merry girl, as she received the key from her mother's hands, and hurried up stairs.

At this moment Nathaniel presented himself at the kitchen door.

"Come here," cried his mother, to the shy youth. "Where have you been keeping yourself for the last hour? I noticed that you slipped away from the table."

"Well, mother, the last stage brought in the Boston papers; and I wanted to see the news from there, now Governor Gage has been planting his field pieces on Boston Neck, and sent his troops up to the arsenal at Charlestown in the night, and got possession of the gunpowder there."

"Did I ever see such a boy!" exclaimed the mother, lifting up both hands; but a glance of pride and love flashed down on the pale, beautiful face of the youth; for Nathaniel was the idol of Mrs. Trueman's heart; and this love was mingled with an unutterable yearning and solicitude which almost amounted to pain, for Nathaniel had been delicate from his boyhood; and his mother had that tremulous anxiety about him which intense concentrated affection is apt to feel for its object.

As Edward Dudley looked on the pale face, the high forehead, with its delicate tracery of veins, and the dark blue eyes, full of thoughtful intelligence, he felt singularly drawn towards the youth.

"Matters look dark enough for the colonies just now. If his majesty's ministers are not frightened by our non-importation associations into opening the port of Boston once more, we shall all have to shoulder our muskets and go to her help."

"I'm ready to do it, sir, for one;" and the pale cheeks flushed, and the soft dark eyes flashed fire.

"No, no!" exclaimed the mother, and her heart leaped up into her tones and face. "I'll give up anything for my country; but I can't let my boy go to the war. He couldn't stand it."

"Yes, I could;" laughing up in her face. "I'd show you, mother, that all your petting hadn't spoiled your boy for a soldier, when the time came."

"Wall, it musn't ever come for you. Nathaniel's sot his mind on goin' to college, Mr. Dudley;" certain that this topic would strike a chord which would vibrate quickly in her boy's heart. "As you're just from New Haven, it's likely you can give him some information, for he's bent on goin' to Yale?"

The youth's face kindled into a quick glow of enthusiasm; and, while Grace trimmed the corners of her sleeve pattern, and chatted about the "folks at home" with Mrs. Trueman, the young collegian and Nathaniel were occupied in discussing the amount of Greek and Latin necessary to enter the Freshman class, at Yale; and Nathaniel Trueman learned with unbounded delight, that three months more hard study, added to his present knowledge of the dead languages, was sufficient to insure his admission into college. The mother entered into her boy's pleasure.

"I knew that all his pourin' over his books ever since he was knee high to a grasshopper, ought to come to somethin'." As I told Mr. Nathan Hale, when I put him into the grammar school, I'd expected to make a good tavern-keeper on him; but Natur' had cut him out for a scholar, and there's no use goin' agin her."

It was beautiful to see the smile of mother-love and pride which hallowed the face of Mrs. Jonathan Trueman as she said this.

Just then Lucy returned, carrying under one arm a small haircloth trunk, thickly studded with brass nails. She placed this on the table, and unlocked it with an air of mysterious importance. She removed a stratum of snowy wool, and set out a couple of richly chased silver goblets, a tankard, a cream-jug, bowl, and small coffee-pot, all of the same material, the sides blossoming out in an exquisite chasing of vines, and flowers, and fruits.

"Haven't I got the best uncle in the world?" chatted the girl, as amid exclamations of admiration her guests took up the costly articles and examined them. "They must have cost at least five hundred dollars, but my uncle wrote that he wanted me to have something that I could keep for his sake, as long as I lived. He is an old bachelor, you see, and I was named for the lady he was to have married, but who died a week before the day which was set for the wedding; and for her sake Uncle Josiah has gone mourning all the days

of his life." And the bright face of Lucy Trueman looked grave for a moment.

"And as he never went to housekeeping himself, he thought he'd get our Lucy ready for it in time;" subjoined her brother, with quiet humor.

The pretty, restless head was bridled and tossed with unutterable disdain—

"Get ready for housekeeping? Catch me!" cried Lucy Trueman. "I'm going to keep old maid's hall, and Uncle Josiah has just given me a setting out. You must come and see me, Mr. Dudley, and I'll bring out all my plate for the occasion."

"And let me have a cup of tea, when the tax is taken off?" answered the young man.

"Certainly you shall. But see here, you haven't seen the whole yet;" and she drew a small box from one corner of the trunk, and opening it, disclosed a pair of ear-rings—two large carbuncles, quaintly set in gold, and which caught the light, and flashed it back in restless currents of flame, from their burning hearts.

"Oh Lucy, how beautiful!" exclaimed Grace, lost in admiration. "It's very hard to keep from envying you."

"It's the first and the last time you'll ever have a chance to do that, dear Grace," throwing her arm with a quick, affectionate impulse, around her friend; and as the two girls stood there, the fine delicate beauty of Grace's face and figure, brought into vivid contrast with the warmth and vitality of Lucy's, Edward Dudley thought that it was a great pity that the picture could not be perpetuated.

"Why didn't you wear your rings to-night, Lucy?" inquired Grace, still occupied in admiring scrutiny of the burning pendants.

Oh, didn't I want to, Grace! But you see I promised Uncle Josiah that I wouldn't put them on until my twentieth birthday, which is next New Year's; and I should as soon think of sewing on Saturday night, as breaking my word to Uncle Josiah."

"If you go on in your present ways, you'll come to that or something worse, Lucy," interposed her mother, half in jest, half in earnest.

"No I shant, mother. I'm going to settle down into a sober-minded, steady-going woman, after I've sown my wild oats."

At this moment, the old clock in the kitchen interpolated a couple of sharp strokes betwixt the buzz of voices.

"Dear me!—what will our folks say?" exclaimed Grace. And she only waited to

receive Mrs. Trueman's parting messages, and to promise Lucy that she would come over and pass the day with her next week, and then started for her bonnet.

"How I have enjoyed this frolic," she said, as she walked home under the November starlight, with Edward Dudley. "I was never at a dance before in my life."

"Is it possible, Miss Grace?"

"Yes; you know father is a deacon, and feels that his family ought to set an example in these things; not that he thinks there is any actual harm in dancing, only life is too solemn and earnest to pass much of it in light enjoyment and pleasure; and when a man occupies a conspicuous religious stand-point, he must sacrifice some amusements that he considers harmless for the sake of others, who will make them the chief aim and end of life."

"That is very good philosophy and religion," answered the young man, smiling down on the earnest face uplifted to his. "Your father is right and generous in his view, which is saying that he is ahead of his time; for our forefathers (praise to their memory!) certainly brought across the ocean something of the old asceticism of the middle ages, and we haven't quite got the chill and the shadow out of our lives yet; and we find its stark and frigid features in our religious, social, and domestic living. Self-denial, for self-denial's sake, is something that a loving God never desires of His children."

The gaze which drank in these words, told the young man that his listener caught the true scope and spirit of his sentiment.

"I see that you must be right," she said, "though I never thought of it in this light before."

"And how did you get your father's consent to your attending this party?" queried the young man.

"Oh, Mrs. Trueman is an old friend of mother's, and father does not like to refuse me any pleasure that I have set my heart on."

They had reached Deacon Palmer's front gate, now; Edward Dudley opened it, and then took Grace's hand.

"I must bid you good-by, now," he said, "for a long time—several months, at least; for I am going off on my surveying expedition, and it will be a long, perplexing business."

He was watching her face intently now, and he saw the look of surprise, and then the shadow of disappointment which fell over it.

"Good-by; I had no idea you were going so

suddenly, Mr. Dudley," answered the sweet voice.

It stirred the pulses away down in the heart of Edward Dudley.

"I am sorry to go, Grace, for one reason only;" and the little hand was tightened in his grasp. "But as I cannot see you, I shall want to know something about you all this long winter. Are you willing that I should write to you sometimes?—and if I do, may I be certain that my letter will have a reply?—or am I bold to ask this?"

"No," said Grace, answering the last part of the question first, in the flutter of conflicting feelings. "But—but, Mr. Dudley, I never corresponded with a gentleman in my life, and you are so learned—so far above me——"

His hand laid softly on her shoulder, checked her here.

"Don't say that, Grace; there is much which is highest and truest that I can learn of you."

She only shook her head; she had no words now.

"Well, if I write, you will let me know that my letters have reached you?"

"You shall know it, Mr. Dudley."

He loosed her hand.

"Good-by, dear Grace." He bent down here, and there was a second edition of a scene which had transpired under the old apple-tree in the orchard.

Grace did not answer this time—"You are a minister's nephew, Mr. Dudley;" and the stars were too far off to see the blushes in her cheeks as she went up to the house; but the key to the hall of purple and gold in the soul of Grace Palmer, was turning slow and silently in its lock.

CHAPTER IV.

The winter had passed, and March, with the sound of a trumpet, had rolled off from the face of the earth the white flannels of February, and the soft air of that day in the first week of April, was full of strange stir and expectation. The pulses of the earth had thrilled once more to the call of the sunshine. There was a faint puffing of light green on the lilac bushes, and a darker lining of grass by the sides of the farm fences, where the sunshine fell warmest at noons; and Grace Palmer stood a moment at the open window in the early morning, and listened to the song of the first robin in the peach-tree by her window, and her soul was glad, looking off, as the face of the year did to the summer.

"Grace," called her father, at the foot of the stairs—"I want you to put Robert and me up a lunch this morning; we're goin' to clear up the land over at the Head."

"What are you going to do with the land at the Head, father?" asked the young girl, as she cut great squares of gingerbread, and sliced the dried beef for her father's and brother's lunch.

"I'm goin' to turn it into a corn-field, daughter. God only knows how few of us'll be left to sow our seed next fall; for if times don't alter some, we'll have to turn our ploughshares and prunin' hooks into swords to beat the Phillistines."

"Father," exclaimed Robert, who had just entered the kitchen, and caught the last part of this speech—"I've just got the white horse home, and while the blacksmith was shoeing her, Squire Walters came along and said that he'd returned from Springfield, and he met old Colonel Putnam in the Hartford stage, coming back from Boston. He's been off there on a visit."

"And what did the Colonel say, Robert?" asked Deacon Palmer, slipping his part of the lunch into his capacious coat-pocket.

"Oh he says the boys have got the true war spirit in them—that Boston's getting worse off every day; for it's so close blockaded that they can't get provisions by land, and the country folks won't furnish them by water. The Squire said the Colonel had got the old fire of the French war alive and glowing in him. He's going to enlist recruits as fast as possible, and he says that he shall start for Boston with the first gun that's fired there."

"I hope that God has raised him up a Samson to deliver us from the hand of the enemy," solemnly subjoined the deacon.

"I hope so. Here's your lunch, Robert. Don't forget to stop at the office after the stage gets in, there's a good boy."

This was added in an under-tone, and with a little self-consciousness.

"Is it time for him to write again?" asked the youth, with a flash of fun lurking in his brown eyes.

"Don't ask any saucy questions; only do what I say, and you shall have a nice mince turnover for supper to-night."

"I'll do it, Grace. You've bought me over now."

"Come, come, Robert; be spry, boy;" called the voice of the deacon, and the boy followed his father out of the house.

Grace watched her father and brother with

an absorbed expression for a few moments, and then she went up stairs to her studies; for Grace Palmer had devoted all her spare moments during the winter to her books. A quiet change had been passing over the girl—one which was more easily felt than described. She was more self-sustained, thoughtful—there was a new softness and graciousness of movement, and speech, and manner, which would have made the deacon's little daughter accepted in any social position to which circumstances might elevate her.

But these things were only the outward manifestation of inward growth and development; for Grace Palmer's being had been silently expanding and intensifying through all these months. The long letters which the weekly mail brought to her from the western part of the State, had been full of stimulation and suggestion to the quick, responsive soul of Grace Palmer. She had pursued with eager avidity the studies those letters recommended; she had drunk and refreshed her soul at the great fountains which the authors of the Elizabethan era opened for succeeding generations; she had fed her thoughts with Shakspeare, Bacon—with Dante and Tasso; and enriched her mind with the great authors of the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries, Locke, and Hoyle, and Addison, and Swift. And these letters, in that broad, bold, running hand, which Grace had learned so well, opening new avenues of thought, and clearer and truer estimates of life, and men, and things, became in a little while the one great interest of her life, around which all minor ones revolved, in the eyes of the deacon's daughter. Not that they were pedantic or homiletic letters. They were full of vivid pictures, dashed off with rapid strokes of the writer's pen; they were vital with youth and health, and a keen relish of humor—though this latter always flashed and played over a deep, strong background of grave and earnest thought and purpose; for Edward Dudley while in college, and after two or three years of skeptical doubt, and struggle, and indecision, had at last settled the great aim of his life, and bowed his heart in deep and loving consecration to the Master whose Name he saw now was the one Hope and Help of a world lost in darkness and sin.

Edward Dudley was a resolute, self-sustained character, full of deep, though not demonstrative enthusiasm; and with him there was no indecision or fluctuations after his heart was once settled in its Christian faith and hope.

Of course, he had all those high tides and ebbs of emotion which every consecrated heart undergoes amid the pressure and friction of life; but his faith and trust in the Love and Wisdom of the Father, who had given His dearly beloved son that the world through Him might be saved, never wavered or grew dim; for religion with him was not an emotion, but a principle. And this religion of course modified and softened the man. The great and solemn realities of human guilt and responsibility—of suffering and of death and eternity, gave a certain undercurrent of thoughtfulness and gravity to his gayest moments, though he was by nature and cultivation the very antithesis of an ascetic.

He was liberal and broad-minded beyond his time, and respecting every man's individuality, desired for himself and others a liberty of thought and action which would be likely to come into strong antagonism with those rigid features of Puritan religion and life which, as we gaze off on them from a different era, and through the long perspective of years, obscures for us much of their warmth, and truth, and beauty.

And such was Edward Dudley—the man into the fair and stately chambers of whose heart the sweet face of the deacon's daughter had shined oftener than ever woman's did before, though the young man was accustomed to the society of the most accomplished and high-bred women of his age.

And that morning, while Grace Palmer sat in the sweet April sunshine absorbed in her studies, a scene was transpiring less than a mile from her home, which was to throw a sudden darkness over it, and overshadow several of the brightest years of her youth.

"Richard," said Mr. Jarvys the elder, looking up from some old documents which he had been intently investigating for the last hour—"your bones are spryer than mine; I wish you'd go up stairs and find that old deed of the South Meadow and land adjoining, which belonged to your Great-Uncle Increase, and which he left to me; I haven't seen it for years. Open the big drawer of the secretary in my room, and there are several small ones on the right hand; you'll find the deed in one of those."

"I'll go for it, father, if you'll put it in your will for me," laughed the young man, as he laid down his paper.

"Ah, Dick, you're a lucky dog!" added the elder man, as his son went towards the door.

"An only son, with a father that's scraped and toiled all his life to leave you a fortune made to hand." And the old man settled the bows of his silver spectacles on his wide nose, and resumed his scrutiny of the documents.

A flash of exultation went over the young man's face, as he heard these words. Then he remembered that all this wealth could not purchase the heart and hand of the one woman that he courted, and the exultation vanished into one of sullen bitterness.

Mr. Jarvys, the elder, had a shrewd, keen pair of eyes, under shaggy, gray eyebrows, and these keen, sharp eyes were endorsed by the character and expression of his whole face. His thin locks of iron-gray hair, curled tightly about his head, and his forehead wore the deep wrinkles of four score years. Mr. Ralph Jarvys had the reputation of being a peculiarly sharp business man, one who could not be over-reached in a bargain; and an acute observer would have penetrated the man's true quality at once; the grand aim of his whole life was to make money and to increase what he had; and he valued himself solely, not for what he was, but for what he had got.

Still, Ralph Jarvys did not present the most repellant features of a miser to those with whom he was brought in daily contact. He was liberal enough in his own household, and indeed, took no small degree of pride in its appointments, and his general style of living, feeling that these illustrated his wealth and importance.

He was fond of a rough joke, too, and not utterly indifferent in his love of gain to the opinions of his fellow men; but, for all this, he was a hard, grasping, selfish man, one who, though he never transgressed the laws, pressed them to their utmost limits in his own favor, and exacted the last dollar from those who were in his power.

Richard was absent so long that his father glanced up impatiently several times towards the door, before his son presented himself. When he did it was with a look full of eagerness and wonder.

"Father," he commenced, "I've come across something up stairs, whose existence I fancy that you didn't suspect. It's an old title deed of my great grandfather's."

"Where did you find it, Dick?" said the old man, peering at the yellow sheet of paper which his son held before him.

"Why, you see, I searched among all the small drawers for that old deed of my great uncle's. I found it in the top one at last, and as I

drew it out, I struck the knob of another small drawer just at the side of this. I opened it out of curiosity, and drew forth this musty old paper. You can tell better than I, whether it's good for a sixpence."

Ralph Jarvys seized the paper as his son laid it on the table. He read it over three times carefully, without speaking. Then he looked up to his son, and brought down his clenched hand on the table. His hardest, greediest look was on his face, now; a look which made it repellant.

"Dick," he said, "you've put a new fortune into my hands this mornin'?"

"Is that so?" asked Dick, with an eagerness which duplicated his father's. "Don't you think they can produce a bill of sale?"

"There's the rub. If old Mrs. Comfort Palmer hasn't got any proofs in her possession that the land was sold to her husband's father, every rod of the deacon's farm is my own—here it is, in black and white," and he slapped the yellow document defiantly.

A flash of malicious triumph went over Dick's face.

"I always knew," pursued Ralph Jarvys, taking off his spectacles, and wiping his eyes, that there was a hitch somewhere, in the sale of that are land, for it was never recorded; and it belonged to my grandfather. He, and the deacon's grandfather, died about the same time; and the farm went into the Palmer family.

"But how did the land fall into the Palmers' hands anyhow?" asked Dick, who was shrewd enough to perceive that his father's indefinite statement must have left out some very important facts.

"There was always a mystery hanging about that," hitching his chair round a little uneasily. "I remember hearing my father say, that in the last talk which his father had with him afore he died, he told him that his land adjoining South Farm was all fair and square made over to old David Palmer. That must have been nigh upon sixty-five years ago."

"But I'm sure I've heard you say that this David Palmer rendered your grandfather a great service—saved his life somehow?"

"Wall, he did; though that's nothin' to do with the case in hand, as I see. The old gentleman was comin' home one night, and crossin' the river with his ox team, when the ice broke, and he fell in, and would have drowned if old David Palmer hadn't heard his shrieks from the shore, and made his way over the ice to him, and dragged him out."

"And perilled his own life to do it, I 'spose?" still further interrogated Richard, who was determined to penetrate the facts of the case.

"Likely enough—likely enough," answered the old man concisely, as though it was not a very agreeable admission.

"Well, did your father believe that his father had sold the land fair and square to this old David Palmer?" pursued Dick, in a species of cross questioning, which was becoming more and more annoying to his father.

"Wall, what if he did, boy—what if he did! Law has nothing to do with 'supposings,' and 'maybes,' and a man must look out for the side his own bread is buttered on. I've only, like the law, to deal with the hard facts in the case; and if this 'ere document says that are land is mine—I'll have it, that's all, spite of any man," and he concluded this speech, as one who expressed his sentiment would be likely to, with an oath.

Richard Jarvys had no solid principles of life or conduct; and like the mass of men of this kind, he could easily be persuaded by the boldest sophistry into a mean, craven, base action. But he was in his youth still; and his instincts for truth, and right, and honor, had not been wholly indurated by a long life of greed and selfishness.

His better impulses could, for the moment, be stimulated into admiration of a generous or noble act; and, at first, they revolted at the dishonor and dishonesty which his father's course of procedure would involve in the matter under discussion; for the young man entertained no doubt in his own mind, that the land whose title deed his father held, justly belonged to David Palmer and his heirs, however the proofs of possession might be wanting on their part; and his answer was in accordance with this belief.

"But you see, father, if your grandfather actually stated on his death bed, that the land belonged to the Palmers, and this David saved him from drowning, at the peril of his own life, it wouldn't look quite like the right thing, to make them any trouble at this late time."

"You talk like a very young man, Dick," answered his father, with a great deal of condescension in his manner. "When you've lived to be as old as I am, you'll be a little wiser, and you'll have more faith in a little money than anything else in the world. Every man must look out for himself, or he'll soon be kicked under; and I've studied human natur'

a good deal in the course of my experience; and I've found that I'm no worse than the rest of men in this thing, though there's plenty that make great professions; but come to sound 'em they're all alike—selfish at the bottom!"

Richard Jarvys had no deep moral consciousness to rise up and refute this sweeping condemnation of humanity; so he put in a lame, wavering sort of objection, which was virtually coming over to his father's position.

"Well, I don't know but you're more than half right in all you've said; but it has a sort of hard, mean look, to make the Palmers trouble under the circumstances."

"We musn't be too squeamish about 'looks' in this world, Richard, if we expect to make our way in it. As for the 'trouble,' that's something we can't help. Folks never'd get their rights if they alwys stopped for the 'trouble' it was goin' to bring on others."

"How soon shall you make this matter known to the Palmers?" pursued Richard, for he evidently felt a keen interest in the subject, though his parent had no suspicion of the cause.

"This very morning, Dick, I shall go and have a talk with Deacon Palmer afore noon. It'll take him mightily by surprise."

"Yes, it'll take down the pride of the whole family a peg," and the younger Jarvys rubbed his hands as he pictured to himself the distress and consternation of the young girl who had so lately refused his hand, and there was an expression on his face which one finds on a man's when he is rejoicing in something he feels is mean and contemptible.

"Why, father, what is the matter?"

"Don't be scared, child; I've had a poor turn to-day!"

Grace Palmer was "clapping" an embroidered collar, which she had just immersed in a bowl of fine starch on the table. She dropped the collar, and ran towards her father, for she seen at once something had happened to him, and the rose-buds were quite frightened out of her cheeks, as she assisted him to his arm-chair by the fire-side, and the old man leaned his stalwart frame on the young girl, as he moved slow and feebly across the kitchen.

"Dear father—do tell me how it happened! Is it anything serious? What can I do for you?"

"Don't be frightened, daughter. Run down and draw me a glass of cider; that'll kind of set me up, like."

Mrs. Palmer was with her husband when Grace returned with the cider, for she had met her mother on the way to the cellar, and paused to say, "Father's got back. He's had a dreadful poor turn to-day," and this laconic information had sent Mrs. Palmer to the kitchen in a tumult of apprehension.

"How did it come on, father. I never knew you to have such an attack since you was a young man and had the sun stroke, that hot day you was rakin' hay in the east meadow."

"This wasn't like that are, Patience. It didn't come on of a sudden," and he took the glass of cider, and the great brown hand shook like a little child's as he carried it to his lips.

"You must have a mug of hot pepper tea, and a mustard paste on your back. They're the best things for a chill or a faint turn," subjoined Mrs. Palmer, for her sympathies always took a practical form.

"Never mind that now, Patience. I shall get over it in a minute," and the deacon put his hand to his head, as though there was some pain or trouble there.

Mrs. Palmer's womanly intuitions could not be at fault long. She bent a searching gaze on the white face of her husband, and then exclaimed,

"Daniel, you've heard some bad news!"

"Don't speak on it now, mother," and he moved uneasily, and there was a groan which he tried to suppress in his voice.

Mrs. Palmer's suspicions were confirmed. The tremulous, shrinking heart of the little woman rose at once strong and brave to share whatsoever evil had fallen to the lot of her husband.

"Tell me what has come upon you, father?" she said, and her voice was one that would not easily be put off.

"I can't speak of it, wife—I can't," and now there was sharp agony in the tones of Deacon Palmer, and he buried his face in his hands, before his wife and daughter.

Mrs. Palmer took hold of her husband's arm, and the woman's heart fired her lips with unwonted eloquence; and she kept her voice brave and steady through the tumult of feeling which overswept her soul.

"Daniel," said the little woman, "I was a young inexperienced thing, with only eighteen years over my head when you brought me under this roof, for the first time, your lovin' wife, to share your heart and home. We've walked close together, Daniel, through the dark days and the bright ones, for more than a score of years. We've borne together our

great heart aches, when we laid down five of our children in the grave yard yonder, and thanked the Lord that if they was few on earth they was more in Heaven! And in all this time we've never had more than a moment's hard feelin' towards each other, or a trouble that both didn't share. And now, Daniel Palmer, haven't I been all this twenty years, and more too, a true and faithful wife to you; too good a mother to your children for you to hold back from lettin' me bear my share of the trouble that's fallen upon you!"

Deacon Palmer was greatly moved; he looked up into the faded face of the brave little woman by his side, and as the remembrance of all her thoughtful love and self-sacrifice swept over him, he felt that he still owned something which no lands or gold could buy in that one true heart. He put his arm around his wife.

"Patience," he said, "you've been the best and truest wife that ever God gave to a man. I wanted for your sake and the children's to bear the burden alone as long as I could; but the time must come for you to know, sooner or later; and maybe it's as well now as ever."

"Oh, father, let us know." It was Grace's voice that pleaded now. And the deacon yielded; and his family soon knew the whole truth.

It appeared that Ralph Jarvys had gone out to the Head, had an interview with the deacon that morning, showed his title deed to the land on which the Palmer homestead stood, and the fields and orchards adjoining it, and signified his intention of taking possession of the whole as soon as the law permitted. The deacon was thoroughly appalled. As soon as he comprehended the matter, he asserted his legal ownership of the Palmer lands, and their lawful purchase sixty years before, by his grandfather, David Palmer.

Richard Jarvys felt in his heart that he was committing a dishonest deed, and the only way was to carry it through with a high hand; he grew angry and insolent, defied the deacon to produce any proofs of the sale of the Palmer farm by his grandfather; affirmed that the purchase had never been recorded, and was never made in good faith; and that he was the rightful owner of the lands, had the proofs in his possession, and the law would be obliged to give them to him; and left in a great heat, after some insulting threats.

Deacon Palmer, moreover, averred that several weeks before he had had a singular dream, which had made a deep impression on his mind; he seemed to be standing one evening

in the front door of his dwelling, and looking off on his goodly acres, as they waved golden and white for the harvest, when his father suddenly appeared by his side.

"It is a fine old place," he said, "and you've taken good care of it, Daniel; but look out that your title's secure, for it's all yours, as it was your father's and grandfather's before you."

This dream had recurred to the deacon several times with such force that on his last visit to his mother, he had had a long talk with her respecting the sale of the Palmer farm.

She recalled all the circumstances vividly, having been married about two years when the sale transpired. It took place, one evening, in her own house, some two weeks subsequent to the time when her husband's father had rescued Samuel Jarvys from drowning, for he must certainly have perished had he remained three minutes longer under the ice, and the cold which David Palmer took at this time, cost him his life two months later. Mrs. Palmer recalled the conversation which passed between the two men before the sale was consummated; though this had previously been contemplated by the two parties.

"There is no time like the present," said Samuel Jarvys, "as you and I knew two weeks ago this very night, and as you've saved my life friend Palmer, you shall have the two hundred acres, lying between Mullen Hill and Roaring Brook, for three hundred dollars, and it'll stand for a remembrance of what you did for me to our children after us."

David Palmer had objected to the price of the land, saying it would bring double that sum; though Mrs. Palmer could remember it was at that time a tract of uncleared land.

Mr. Jarvys had checked her father-in-law. "Don't offer another word there, neighbor Palmer. If I was a rich man you should have every rood of it, in remembrance of the great debt that I owe you. But I can save myself for three hundred, and for that sum you shall have it."

"It's a bargain, neighbor," said David Palmer.

Mr. Jarvys seemed for some reason anxious to conclude the matter that night, and after the bill of sale was drawn up, Mrs. Comfort Palmer had summoned from the kitchen a couple of neighbors, who put their names as witnesses to the paper. She had herself been called from the house at this time by the illness of a neighbor, and when she returned, a couple of hours later, Mr. Jarvys was on the point of leaving.

"Well, neighbor," he said, shaking the hand of his friend, "the land is yours and your heirs forever, now, and to-morrow I will call for you, and we'll go up to the centre, and have it recorded."

Mr. Jarvys showed the bill of sale to his daughter-in-law after he returned from the hall, whither he had gone with his guest, and said he should proceed at once to clear the land, and lay it out in pastures and wheat fields, and if his life was spared, he might build a house, selecting for its site the very ground on which the homestead now stood.

That night, however, David Jarvys went to the bed from which he never again rose, and the bill of sale was not recorded. His entire property fell to his son, the father of Daniel, for the old man died without making a will.

Mrs. Palmer recollected having seen the bill of sale in her husband's possession, twenty years later, only a few weeks previous to his death, and promised the deacon that she would at once institute a search for it.

As soon as Richard Jarvys had left the deacon, he had started for his mother's, foreseeing that if the bill of sale could not be produced, it was in the power of Richard Jarvys to occasion him great trouble, and perhaps eject him from the old homestead and the soil on which he had expended the strength and toil of his life.

The deacon's heart failed him when he learned from his mother that a most thorough search had failed to produce the bill of sale, and he had started off in a terrible tumult of feeling, when he was suddenly seized with a strange dizziness and chilliness, and could only with difficulty stagger home.

"If it had come years ago, when I was fresh and strong," said the old man, "I could have made headway against it; but it's fallen heavily on my old age. I can't stand the thought of leaving the old home where I was born and brought up, and which has grown to be a part of my life;" and he glanced around the old kitchen with a kind of sorrowful tenderness which it was pitiful to see.

"Oh, father!" interposed Grace, who had eagerly drunk in every word of her father's story—"you won't have to leave the old homestead; Ralph Jarvys can't get it away from you."

"I don't know, my child. He is an unprincipled, selfish man, and there is no doubt that he will push matters to the utmost extremity of the law."

"And all of this trouble might have been saved if the bill of sale had been recorded?"

"All of it, Grace; or, if either of the two men who witnessed the sale were alive now; but they are both dead, and we have only strong circumstantial evidence to oppose to Ralph Jarvyn's title deed. It was a great oversight in my father that the matter was left so; but you know, Patience, he was an easy sort of man, and believed all men as honest as himself."

"We must trust the Lord with this whole matter, Daniel. He isn't goin' to desert us in our old age."

"That's well put in, wife; I must cast the burden of all this care upon Him. But it's hard—it's hard to bear now." And the deacon buried his face in his hands. His wife and daughter had never seen him so broken down before.

The two women did all they could to comfort the old man with kind and loving words and tender ministrations; but the hearts of both were heavy as they looked off to the future, and feared the wrong and suffering which it might have in store for them; and the fair April day closed around the home of Deacon Palmer as no April day had ever done before.

Then Robert, who knew nothing of what had happened, broke into his sister's chamber, sure that he was the messenger of good tidings, and with a boyish love of sport, whirled a letter above her head, crying—

"Guess what I've got here!"

A rift of light pierced the shadows that lay heavily on the young heart at that sight. The brother and sister had a merry chase and struggle after the letter, and Grace read it over twice in the fading light, and when she laid it down there was a new brightness on her face.

"He is coming next week," she said.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

The Old Bridge.

BY MYSTIC.

It is only a bridge of logs, I know,
Built in the days of the long ago,
Over the waters, that ran away
Into the forest dark, from the day;
Frightened, fled from the ardent eye,
Flashing down from the glowing sky,
Darting its beams through the tremulous trees,
Turned aside by the whispering breeze;
Only a bridge of logs, that they made,
Down in the gloaming of forest shade—
Down where the night and the sunlight stood,
Clasping hands by the slumbering wood.

Long ago, had the quivering beam
Looked in the laughing eyes of the stream;
Long ago, had the moss grown gray,
Over the old bridge crumbling away;
Striving to hide from the curious gaze
The mouldering relic of olden days.
Long ago, were the hands at rest,
Folded peacefully over the breast;
The hardy hands, whose vigorous strokes
Won from the forest her proudest oaks;
The rough, brown hands, that deep in the shade
The old log bridge of the dingle made.

Long ago—yet to-day, again
I went down to the woodland glen;
Deep in the hush of the twilight stood,
Touching the hem of the tangled wood,
Not with the step of childhood free,
Bounding along in its careless glee,
Down the path where briars grow rank,
And brakes press close to the brooklet's bank,
Over the bridge they have left to decay,
Slowly and sadly, I went to-day;
Over the stream with whispering flow,
Back to the years of the long ago.

One who passed in his boyish pride
Over the bridge by the dingle side,
Down where the surges of ocean sweep,
Down on the treacherous breast of the deep,
Pillowed his head in the dreamless sleep,
One, with eyes like the depths of blue,
Life's bright summer of June-time knew;
One, with eyes like the shadowy gleam
Of moonlit seas in their midnight dream,
Gazed with me, in the brook that gave
Faces three in its picturing wave,
Painted soft by a straying beam,
Wandering lost in the crystal stream.

Once when the snows of the winter chill
Lay in the valley and over the bill,
Solemn and slow, with a muffled tread,
Over the bridge they carried the dead.
Once when the leaves of the autumn fell,
Hiding the bridge in the quiet dell,
Strangers' hands, with a gentle care,
Gathered a garland of lilies fair,
Wreathing a white brow, left them there,
Only sorrowful eyes of gray
Looked at me from the stream to-day.

THIS WORLD.

This world is not so bad a world
As some would like to make it;
But whether good, or whether bad,
Depends on how we take it.

For if we fret and scold all day
From dewy morn till even,
This world will ne'er afford a man
A foretaste here of Heaven.

The Old Dress, AND WHAT CAME OF WEARING IT.

BY R. L. YOUNG.

"Oh, little Jamie!—how I wish you would go to sleep.

"Sister wants to finish her dress; sister wants to look pretty, and clean, and fresh in somebody's eyes at the party to-night; and how can she if you hinder her so, unkind baby?"

"You don't care a snap of your little dimpled fingers, indifferent baby, if she does have to wear her old merino dress, which is dingy, and dim, and unsuitable for May, and which you know has a little patch on the front breadth, an inch from the bottom, where she burnt it waiting on you, unreciprocating baby.

"Don't you suppose somebody will compare your sister with the dainty city ladies that have been proud to dance with him? And how will she look among the village girls, in their fresh roses and airy dresses—your poor sister, all crushed with holding you, ponderous baby!—hoarse with lulling you, wide-awake baby!—jaded with serving you, imperial baby! that must needs be attended to, if all else goes to ruin.

"What will somebody's beautiful Boston cousin say about your sister? She wouldn't think of wearing such a dress anywhere, much less to Judge Thayerton's. She would prefer not to go out at all, unless she could appear in a dress more suitable to the occasion; and so would your sister Milly very much, persistently exigent baby, if she could have her own way, which, as a general thing, nobody can have in this world without hurting some one else somewhere—a truth which I advise you to make a note of, ignorant baby, and reduce to practice, and your sister will go, so as not to mortify her little escort, Charley Ford; he'll think she isn't proud of his company if she don't go; her mother will think she is disappointed not to finish her dress; and she is as anxious not to make her mother unhappy as you will be ten, or twenty, or thirty years hence, undeveloped protector!

"Oh, you little rogue! there isn't a wink of sleep in you!" And Milly, who, with a perfectly serious face had been murmuring this quaint soliloquy in place of the lullaby long since exhausted, suddenly changed her tone, and coaxed the restless child into a high carnival of fun and frolic. But he would not be put down from her arms. Any device which hinted at the possibility of his entertaining

himself, he steadily resisted as an encroachment on rights, that knowing he "dared maintain."

Milly glanced from the clock to the airy folds of unfinished muslin. "It is too late to finish it now, any way," she said with an effort of courage, and folding all the work together, she laid it away and brushed the shreds from the carpet, gathered a heterogeneous collection of playthings into their appropriate basket, and did those hundred and one little things which must be done ever so many times in a day, to keep a room pleasant and comfortable, all the while supporting Jamie, who was well content to be carried about on one arm. Then she threw a mantle over the baby's head, and went out among her flowers.

"Don't you think it's almost time for mother to be coming home, little Dixieon? The sewing circle must be over, for the Conways and the Hilliards drove by some time ago; and there comes Mrs. Ford and—oh, they have brought mother in their carriage. Well done, Charley Ford, to get down and band her out like a gentleman, as you are. We'll run down to the gate and meet her; how nice and pleasant she looks!—she shall find no clouds here."

However, while Nelly brushed her glossy hair, her mother said—

"I have seen Laura Clemans's dress that she made on purpose for the party at Judge Thayerton's, and it is not near as pretty as yours."

"Then how fortunate for her that mine will not be there to put it out of countenance."

"Why?—aint you going, Milly?" cried her mother.

"Oh yes, I'm going; I don't intend to miss the party; but I didn't get my dress done. I shall have to wear the merino one; it has short sleeves, you know; it will not be too warm."

"But the other would be so much more becoming. Can't it be finished now? Why didn't you tell me sooner, that I might go about it?"

"Oh no, dear mother; there's full two hours' work to be done. Besides, you don't know how to set on the trimming. Never mind, it will be new for next time."

"But I thought you was sure of finishing it, or I would have staid home to help you."

"When you stay home, mother, that I may go out, I'll—well, 'there's no use talking,' as Mr. Holland's clerk says. I was sure, I thought; but I happened to be hindered one

way and another. Baby—I see you have charmed him to sleep—has required a great deal of entertaining. Freddy came home from school in tears and trouble. He had slipped into the brook. You should have seen him, all green with slime and weeds, from head to foot; and that malicious Kit Conway had told him that it never could wash off—that his clothes were ruined. The poor child thought it was a serious matter, till he saw me laugh. I haven't laughed so much in a week. Well, it took some time to get him clothed, and in his right mind."

"I should think it might," said her mother. You had to mend some pants for him. I know he hadn't a whole pair in the world, except them he had on. I've had his others cut out these three weeks, and ought to have staid at home and made 'em to-day. I don't mean to sew any more for the heathen; I always do find that I've neglected my duty to my own family."

"Then the family—my share in it—will begin to make a fuss about one of its duties to you, mother."

"What is that, pray?"

"To see that you don't drudge and slave for us every minute of your life; to give you a half-holiday once in a while, even if it's to work for somebody else. Then think how disappointed Mrs. Clemans would be, after all her trouble in getting up the society, if the members should stay away. And poor Mrs. Conway, who never goes anywhere else, could have no recreation at all. I guess you won't give it up yet."

"Well, Milly, I must say you have wonderful patience. Any other girl, disappointed as you have been, would make everything blue."

"I should think I had," she answered gayly. "Don't you see the ribbon in my hair? and these about my wrists are like my dress—all blue."

Nevertheless, poor Millicent shrank from entering the dressing-room at Judge Thayer-ton's, as she stood unseen outside the door, and thought she had never seen her young friends look so handsome or so elegantly dressed. In the middle of the room stood a fair stranger. Oh, how fair! That, she knew at once, must be Theodore Duquesne's cousin from Boston. Miss Thayer-ton was introducing the rest with some pride.

"She won't be proud of me," thought poor Milly. "How Miss Duquesne's eyes sparkle. She looks as if she could make all the fun in the world of a body. Oh, I don't want to go in; I wish I could run away home."

But just then Miss Clemans arriving, met her with a warm greeting, and putting one arm about her waist, drew her into the dreaded circle, where Milly, somewhat relieved to have been presented while partially concealed by her wrappings, and to find herself comparatively unnoticed in the general interest excited by the stranger, quietly prepared herself to go down, but noticed with a sinking heart that no one else wore a thick dress like hers, and thought how light it would be in the parlor, where Theodore and everybody could see her.

Farther up the room, and just behind the laughing and chatting girls in the centre, Kitty Conway—careless little butterfly as she was—had set a light upon the floor that she might see to unknot a tangled gaiter lace. Absorbed in this perplexing business, she never noticed that every movement of the unconscious group brought their light robes in dangerous proximity to the lamp, till a flash of flame, and a simultaneous cry of horror from every part of the room, aroused her. Miss Duquesne, turning quickly round, swept the rest of her dress past the lamp, and the snowy muslin lit in twenty places.

All was confusion and dismay; for the same terrible danger menaced every one whose inflammable drapery should receive a touch or even a spark from the cruel flame. One who was laving her hands at the moment of, the catastrophe, immediately threw all the water towards the middle of the room, but with such haste and agitation that it availed nothing.

Such of the young men as had come in from seeing their horses secured, had been shown into a room at the opposite end of the long hall; among them was Theodore Duquesne. The instant he saw the awful peril of his cousin, he shouted to her to lie down. "Lie down instantly, Ada!" he cried, with thrilling earnestness, as he sprang towards her; but the frightened and agonized girl neither heeded nor heard. With some wild hope of finding water and throwing herself into it, she ran towards the stairs. They descended from that end of the hall nearest her, and he remembered—with an anguish that chilled his blood—her wonderful fleetness, that had distanced him in many a sportive race. What miracle could save her now! Once in the draught of the stairway, and how rapidly the flames would rise above her head, till she was beyond all human help, or dreadfully disfigured for life.

But there was one on whom his voice had more effect. Millicent—who had long uncon-

sciously, but with a woman's implicit faith, made him her oracle—sprang forward, and, with no other thought than that whatever he directed was for the best, and must be done, clasped the flying girl in her arms, and resolutely drew her to the floor.

She would have risen again immediately, but the important moment was gained, and at the same instant the carpet of the hall was torn from its fastening, turned over and closely wrapped about them by the strong and ready hands of young Duquesne.

"Both safe! Thank God! thank God!" he cried, fervently, as he lifted the struggling, half suffocated girls, and relieved them of the dusty covering, "and Milly, dear girl! brave, generous girl! what terrible sorrow you have saved us all! By this time, but for you—" his voice failed him, he grasped the balustrade for support, entirely overcome by the imminence of the danger just escaped.

It was soon ascertained that Ada was severely burned about the ankles, while Milly's arms and hands had suffered nearly as much. There were scarlet marks of flame across her face, and a startling blank where long meek lashes, and prettily arched eyebrows, had been; but no damage here, thank God! that time could not soon amend.

While some hurried about for dressings and bandages, and others satisfied the alarmed neighbors who came pouring in, Ada's mother, who had come with her from Boston, and was visiting at the Duquesnes, rushed in, with ashen face and eyes wild with a terrible anxiety, followed by her sister, scarcely less appalled. "Where—?" she cried, breathlessly.

"Dear aunt! she is saved. The danger is over!" cried Theodore, embracing her and his mother with joy. "One of the girls was brave enough to clasp flame and all in her arms, and drew her down before the blaze could reach her face at all. She is not even disfigured. Oh! but for that, she would have outran me; she would have run till she was burned to death!"

"That they mostly do," said one of the neighbors. "It's natural, I suppose, when they get afire. How often we read of poor wretches that run blazing out into the streets, and before they can be reached, are burned past all hope."

"But I never should have expected," said another, "that shy and quiet little Milly Herrick would have had courage to do as she did. If it had been one of those high, strong Hilliards, or Victoria Conway now, 'twouldn't seem so

strange; but it seems they did nothing but scream, even after every spark was out."

"Quiet people are the ones to rely on," said Judge Thayerton. "Millicent has a great deal of character; she is a sweet girl, as well as a brave one. I wish my own little flyaway darling was more like her."

"And if Theodore Duquesne hadn't known exactly what to do, at the right minute, we should have a much sadder story to tell, I'm thinking. That's generally the trouble, nobody knows or thinks till it's too late, what ought to be done."

But the anxious mother had not waited all this time; she had hurried in to embrace her darling, who seemed like one restored from the grave—so terrible had been her dread, since a hasty and imperfect report of the accident had reached her—and to bless with thankful tears the dear girl, whose timely aid had saved her only child from a death so horrible.

The next morning—as Millicent sat on the floor amusing Jamie with one slipped foot, or by playing "bo-peep" through her diminished curls, while he evidently wondered at the unwonted abridgment of her resources—Theodore came with his mother and aunt to renew their thanks, and to express them to her parents, who were very proud of her, and not the less so that she had won the kindness of the Duquesnes, who were much looked up to in that little community.

"But," Milly said, "I do not deserve your praise at all. Ada owes her life entirely to Mr. Duquesne. If he had not been so quick, we should both have suffered dreadfully. As for the little I did, any of the other girls could have done it; only their dresses made it dangerous for them to go near her. I knew that my woollen dress would not blaze up 'round me; so you see I did not need any great courage."

"But what did you think could save your poor beautiful arms, when you thrust them into the flame, Milly?" said the young man.

"Oh, I didn't think of them at all," she confessed. "I only thought how the fire would sear her face if it got up to it."

"So you took the scars yourself, dear child!" said Ada's mother, tearfully, kissing her. "Ada said this morning, that she wished she could take your burns on herself, she feels so sorry that you should have the worst of it in saving her."

"Not the worst, I'm sure, madam."

"True, her injuries are deeper, but the marks will do little harm there, you know, while yours—"

"I can always wear long sleeves; and then, if I put on gloves I shall do very well. Oh, tell her I do not mind scars. I am so thankful that it is no worse, when I think what might have happened."

"And how did you happen to know, or to think, that a person should lie down? I can see now how much it would save them; but I never should have thought of it myself."

"There again," Milly said, glancing towards Theodore, "you give me credit that is due to another. I didn't know—I never thought anything about it. I heard Mr. Duquesne tell his cousin to lie down, and I saw that she did not notice. Poor young lady! how should she? so I drew her down, thinking that whatever he said must be right."

Theodore's mother looked quickly at him; but perceiving that he was as far from suspecting the whole meaning of this naive confession, as the artless girl who made it, she wisely kept her own counsel; only her eyes dwelt on the young girl with a new and tender interest, as on one who might become her daughter, and not an unwelcome one, either; for since her son's success in Boston, she had often been afraid he would marry a city wife, who would despise his country home and friends.

"Well," cried Miss Conway, to some of her mates, a few weeks after this, "if I'd only known, I would have been willing to get burnt a little at Judge Thayer's. Just see what a heroine it has made of little Herrick! Alfred Duquesne has sent her an exquisite gold watch from Boston. They say he's ever so proud of his daughter's beauty; and there is Theo. going down almost every day to read to her; to take her riding; or to carry her mother something, (for nobody need court Milly that forgets her mother,) or to take out Ada, who cannot walk yet. Such attention is worth some risk. And to have secured the most elegant beau about, when we were all dying for a chance to fascinate him."

"Now Victoria Conway, there's no use in pretending that you want him," said Miss Clemans, good naturedly, "for to my certain knowledge you have refused as good men as he, and you might as well let him make love where it wont be wasted."

"Let him! Nobody can help it, and that's what I rave about," rejoined the lively girl. "If I didn't want him 'for keeps,' and don't you be too sure of that, either; wouldn't it have been delightful to have such a splendid fellow devoted to a body even for a little while, giving

one such bouquets as I saw on Milly's table yesterday, riding out with one, and all that? And you know some one of us might have enjoyed it, in the natural course of events; for Milly never would have put herself forward, and Duquesne is enough like the rest of mankind never to see her without; but it's spilt milk now. I resign myself. He'll marry her, and take her off to Boston, and 'dress her in silks and laces so fine,' as the old song says, and the Boston Duquesnes will make everything of her, and then Theodore will bring her down here to Thanksgivings and such, and we shall all be convened at the Duquesne mansion to do her honor, and shall say 'we're so glad to see her.'"

"And say it honestly, at least I know you will," replied Laura Clemans, "and so shall I, for I always knew she deserved as much, though I own I never expected she'd get it. Providence is so apt to use that sort of women for missionaries, and give them some heathen of a husband to exercise their gifts of grace and goodness on."

Stray Thoughts.

BY CLARA AUGUSTA.

Wait patiently.

The longer you wait, the greater the blessing which will be yours. The thrifty husbandman plants his ground in faith that the summer's sunshine and rain will give him a bountiful reward for his care and toil. He does not ask for his ripened harvest in midsummer; he is content to wait God's own appointed time; and the mellow days of autumn perfect his fruit, and tinge his grain fields with pale gold. And so from patient waiting much good cometh.

Even like him, be content to wait. Every just deed shall certainly have its full remuneration; and though it may not come this week, or this year, or in this life, rest assured that the Hereafter holds the recompense.

* * * * *

Joy and grief walk hand in hand beside us all the way through.

There will come times when we look upon life, clad in a new glory; when all the earth will be redolent with a beauty and gladness of which, hitherto, we had not dreamed. The skies will gleam with a purer azure—the sunshine be more celestial in its splendor—the songs of the birds more like the imagined songs of angels, and the winds, that sweep down from the clover fields, will be sweet as though they had passed over the stormy heights of Heaven!

The heart will swell with ineffable love to every living thing—the lips burst forth into song—the spirit leap up from its casket of mortality, to soar after the Immortal!

All who have lived and loved, have known this ecstasy.

Again—there will come a time to all of us when the grave will look pleasant. When we shall long for its quiet shelter, and pray for its peaceful embrace.

This beautiful earth, with its skies of amber gold, flushed with roses of a crimson rarer than those which bloom in Sicilian gardens—with its airs of balm, and its breaths of ravishing music; with its sacred friendships, and its blessed human loves—will look to us a desert! Its green spots will be waste and desolate; its atmosphere the atmosphere of a tomb; its sunset glories will be like the sculptured cover of a mausoleum—magnificent only to divert the mind from the sadness of decay and death beneath!

There will be times when our weary feet must wander in loneliness and sorrow in the cold and darkness of despair! And the heart will lose its faith, and the soul its confidence in the God of our salvation!

All who have loved and *lost*, have felt this, aye, thrice of this; and who shall comfort them?

Did you ever think how beautiful a thing it is to make some one happier?

The remembrance of a day passed pleasantly, may sweeten a whole after life of suffering. To have enjoyed one day, fully and entirely, is worth untold gold to the recipient!

Happiness softens the heart, and renders it susceptible to holy influences.

Love wins a thousand where hatred conquers a score. Not one in an hundred can be ruled by fear; but every human heart, however depraved, can, in some measure, be swayed by love.

And you have this potent alchemist always with you—always at hand, to be employed, or not, as you see fit. Then is it a light thing to mingle with your fellows, when you remember that you have the power to influence their whole future for good or evil? Is your trust a trifling one?

Try to regard it with due importance. God has confidence in you, inasmuch as He continues your life—confidence that it is well for you to live on still.

Then why not show Him that you are worthy of your trust? Why not labor to secure some-

one's happiness? Why not cast out self, and think of the hearts you might soothe; of the wounds you might heal; of the sad eyes you might light up with joy, and the pale cheeks that you might make to flush with gladness?

And in the end you shall find that it is, indeed, "more blessed to give than to receive."

Let us not pass an opinion too hastily, on the actions of others.

It is better to judge a man too leniently than too harshly. If we must err, it is better to err on mercy's side. Better that ten deadly injuries should go unrevenged, than one innocent person should be made to suffer.

We can never accurately judge of a man's heart by his outward conduct—because we cannot place ourselves precisely in his situation, to look upon life and its affairs with his own particular estimate. We can never be surrounded with the same influences that surround him, or be acted upon by the identical impulses which act upon him. We cannot see life from his individual stand point, and therefore we do not know but that if we were placed in his circumstances we should do even as he has done.

Let us, therefore, be charitable one to another, for we know not how soon we, ourselves, may require charity and forgiveness at the hands of our neighbor.

Love.

BY ELIZABETH.

"Come again before long, Lizzie, we are always glad to see thee; mamma is glad, sister is glad, and baby is glad."

"And I'm glad too," said little laughing, jumping three years old Eddy.

"Oh, I *shall* come," replied Lizzie, and a bright smile grew up all over her face, to show how her heart was laughing too; and the generally staid and quiet little girl bounded off as though her feet had really caught the happy feeling.

What was it made Lizzie so happy just then? Oh, it was only because Aunt Sarah had spoken so kindly, and she felt that she was really loved. Love, which begets kindness, has great power over our hearts. Wise King Solomon says, "Better is a dinner of herbs where love is, than a stalled ox and hatred therewith." We all desire to be loved, and it doesn't require great attentions to make us believe that we are loved. A kind word, a pleasant smile, a look, very small loving things which the hands can

do, speak love in its loudest language. Then who would wish to let the world pass away from him, unloving and unloved, when so small efforts make ourselves and those about us glad and happy.

Questionings.

BY ERNEST ELDON.

Why should we sorrow for the days departed,
Why fear, and tremble for the days to come?
Why weep so wildly o'er the broken-hearted,
Who perished o'er life's goal was reached or won?
The sunshine surely is not all behind us,
It's brightness gilds the days that lie before;
There's rest in Heaven, then why not this remind
us,

The early dead shall faint and fall no more?

Why walk we blindly, all our lives unheeding
The care that noteth e'en a sparrow's fall?
Though strong hearts falter, and tired feet are
bleeding,

Is not His love and kindness over all?

Why shun the hill-top where the sun is shining,
To seek the valley's shadowed, gloomy way?
Alas! the darkness—ne'er the Faith divining,
That guides believers to the perfect day.

Why sit we idly, where the storm-wreck showeth
Shattered idols, rare and beauteous things?
Why not remember that the father knoweth
Our lives have need of all these bitter things?
We may not hope, in drear and cold December,
The May-time freshness o'er the land to see,
Yet why not say we, "evermore remember
That as our days are, so our strength shall be?"

Ah me! I fear we all are growing fearful,
We clog our lives with doubts, and fears, and
cares,
We're once deceived, and straightway grow too
careful

To entertain the Angel unawares!
We ever seek some blessed, bright Elysian,
In dear home places, and far foreign lands;
It never smiles upon our mortal vision,
So sit we idly down with folded hands.

But let us, friends, take courage, "Life is real,"
And still the sun shines in this world of ours.
The rose is lovely, but the thorns are cruel,
Then why not shun them, while we seek the
flowers?

We cling to life, e'en though its brightness reach
us,

Wavering and dim, through gates and dungeon
bars;

Even there, sweet Faith, and Hope, and Trust may
teach us,

The darkest night brings out the brightest stars.
COLLINSVILLE, Ohio, Nov., 1861.

VOL. XIX.—9

What Came Afterwards.

A Sequel to "NOTHING BUT MONEY."

BY T. S. ARTHUR.

CHAPTER II.

The house was small and poor. A dim light shone through one of the second story windows, and the Doctor could see, as he looked up, a shadow on the ceiling, as of some person walking in the room above. His knock at the door was almost immediately answered by a child, who held a candle elevated above her head.

"Does Mrs. Ewbank live here?"

"Oh, it's you, Doctor! Walk in, please."

Doctor Hosland recognized his visitor of the evening. The child stepped back, and he entered, closing the door. He was in a room instead of a hall, the door opening directly on the street.

"I'll call mother," said the child, as she set the candlestick on a table. "Please to take a chair, sir."

The few minutes that intervened before Mrs. Ewbank came down, gave Doctor Hosland an opportunity to make, by the feeble light of a single tallow candle, a running inventory of what was in the room. The floor had no carpet. Five old cane-seat chairs were against the walls, and a small mahogany table, dark and dim with age, stood under the window, which had neither shade nor blind. A papered fireboard concealed the hearth. Two small frames hung just over the mantel-piece, but the light was so feeble that the Doctor could not make out from where he sat, whether they contained miniature portraits or fancy pictures. An impulse of curiosity led him to cross the room for the purpose of examining them closely. They were evidently miniatures, one of a man, and the other of a woman, in the ripeness of early prime. The first impression was that of familiar faces; but not being able to make out the features distinctly, he was turning for the candle, when a woman entered the apartment. She had descended the stairs so noiselessly, that her coming was not observed.

Though scant and poor, the room was clean and orderly; a fact which the Doctor had not failed to observe. He was not surprised, therefore, to see in Mrs. Ewbank a neat, though plainly attired person. She wore a dark wrapper, carefully buttoned, and her hair was evenly parted, and brushed smoothly away over her temples. Though apparently some years past thirty, and showing signs of wasting sickness,

or of trouble that exhausts more than sickness, her eyes were large and bright, with something of youthful fire in them, that a mother's present anxieties could not extinguish. What most impressed the Doctor, was the refined aspect of her countenance, and the manner, which showed cultivation.

"Doctor Hoffman," she said, in a low voice, yet fixing her eyes intently upon his face, and in a questioning manner. The tone struck him as familiar, and stirred for a moment old feelings, in a vague, uncertain way. But he failed to recognize in her features those of an acquaintance or friend.

"Mrs. Ewbank?" he responded.

"Yes sir."

"You have a sick child?"

"Yes, sir. Will you walk up and see him?"

She led the way, and Doctor Hoffman ascended to one of the chambers above. He found the furniture almost as meagre as in the room below; but the same order and cleanliness prevailed. On the bed lay an emaciated child, a year old, in whose pinched features he saw at the first glance a sign of approaching death.

"How long has he been sick?" asked the Doctor, as he sat down, and laid his fingers on the wasted little hand, limp as a wilted leaf.

"He's never been a well child since he was born, Doctor."

There was something so familiar in the answering voice that Doctor Hoffman looked up curiously into the woman's face. She turned partly away, as if to avoid the scrutiny.

"What seems particularly to ail him? How is he affected?"

"I can hardly tell you, Doctor. He cries a great deal, and don't eat. There's something the matter inwardly."

A slight spasm went shuddering through the little frame, and a low cry cut the air. A moment, and it was gone, and the pinched features settled into quiet again. The Doctor bent down, and examined the face carefully. While doing so, a man in the next room coughed two or three times, at which he raised himself and listened, noting, with a professional ear, the sound.

"My husband," said the woman.

He turned to the sick child again, watching its face, and observing the respiration. He then wrote a prescription.

"Send for this, and give him one of the powders every hour through the night when not sleeping. If he sleeps, don't disturb him."

"Do you think him very ill?" asked the mother, in an anxious voice.

"He's a sick child." What less could the Doctor say, when he saw death written all over the ashen face?

"But you can help him, Doctor?" said Mrs. Ewbank, in a pleading voice.

"It would have been better if I had seen him earlier," remarked the Doctor. He wished to prepare her for what seemed inevitable.

"I know it was wrong in me not to send," the poor mother answered, in a distressed way. "But—" She checked herself, and left the words that were on her tongue unspoken.

"Why didn't you send before?" The Doctor's interest was still further awakened.

But Mrs. Ewbank did not reply immediately, and in the pause that followed, the sound of coughing was again heard in the next room.

"How long has your husband been coughing in that way?" asked Doctor Hoffman.

"Only about a week, so badly. But, he's coughed for a long time."

"Has he taken medicine, or seen a physician, within a week?"

"We got some cough mixture from a druggist's; but that only relieved him for a little while. It kind of stupefies him."

"And leaves the cough harder afterwards?"

"Yes, sir. He's worse when the effect passes off."

The Doctor shook his head. There was a pause, and then he asked,

"Shall I not see your husband?"

"Oh, Doctor! If you will!" Hope and gratitude were in her face—and tears in her eyes.

"Wait just a moment," she added; and then passed into the chamber where her husband lay, to prepare him for the Doctor's visit. She came back quickly, saying—"Now Doctor," and the physician entered. Though everything, as perceived by the feeble rays of a single poor candle, was clean as in the other rooms, and in order, yet the articles were scant; and the whole air of the apartment dreary. The remains of a wood fire smouldered on the hearth, but there was little pervading warmth in the atmosphere.

At a glance, Doctor Hoffman saw that Mr. Ewbank was not a coarse or common man. His mouth and nose were cleanly cut; his eyes full of intelligence; and his purely white forehead of ample breadth. His hair was very dark and fine, and curled back from the transparent skin of his temples, through which was perceived the azure net work of veins.

"My husband, Mr. Ewbank; Doctor Hoffland." There was an air of refinement about Mrs. Ewbank, now more particularly observed. Not much change took place in the countenance of her husband; though, as the Doctor sat down, and laid his fingers on his pulse, he kept his large bright eyes fixed steadily on him.

"You have fever," remarked the Doctor.

"Yes, I've been feverish for some days."

A fit of coughing followed this reply.

"What excites this cough?" asked the Doctor.

"A creeping and tickling here in the throat pit. And he touched the spot.

"Does the coughing produce pain?"

"Now it does. The jarring seems to have hurt my chest."

"The pain is not lancinating or acute?"

"No—it is a sore pain, as if the lungs were bruised."

Still holding the patient's wrist, the Doctor bent his head thoughtfully for some moments. Then he asked—

"May I see the cough mixture you have been taking?"

Mrs. Ewbank went to a closet and brought out a large vial. After smelling and tasting the contents, the Doctor shook his head.

"Do you think it has done him any harm?" the wife asked, with much apparent anxiety.

"It has done him no good, at least. Don't give him any more of it."

"It contains opium," remarked the patient.

"Yes, and gave you a temporary relief. But, when the effect wore off, your cough was drier and harder than before."

"That was just the effect."

"And you have grown more feverish?"

"Yes."

"I will give you something better." The Doctor spoke with cheerful confidence, and drawing a memorandum book from his pocket, in which were loose bits of paper, wrote a prescription.

"Take, according to directions accompanying the medicine, and I think, when I call to-morrow morning, that I shall find a decided improvement."

The Doctor noticed a gleam of hopeful light break over Mrs. Ewbank's face. He then retired, and, in passing through the next room, stopped to look at the sick child again.

"He is sleeping," said the mother, in a whisper, as she stooped over the bed.

The Doctor did not reply. After standing there a few moments, he turned and left the chamber; Mrs. Ewbank following him down stairs.

"You will come in the morning?" she said.

"O, yes. I'll be round early." There was something unspoken in her thought, and he paused that she might give it utterance. But she stood silent, and evidently in debate with herself. He was moving towards the door again, when she said—

"Doctor," apparently speaking under self-compulsion. He turned and looked at her with kind encouragement in his face.

"Is there a Dispensary in the neighborhood?" Her voice shook, and a flush came to her pale cheeks. Doctor Hoffland understood too well the meaning of this question. Moving back from the door, he regarded her, earnestly, for a moment or two, and read that in her wasted countenance, of which he had not guessed in the beginning—read of hunger, and the exhaustion of life through lack of food. Under the sharp inquiry of his eyes, she shrunk back, and held the candle so that her face would be more in shadow.

"Send your little girl with me," said the Doctor.

Mrs. Ewbank moved to the stairway and called—"Esther!"

"Yes, ma'am," was the child's response, and in a moment quick feet were heard in the chamber above.

"Bring your hood. The Doctor wants you to go with him."

"It is cold out, my dear," said Doctor Hoffland, looking narrowly at the child, as she came down stairs. "Haven't you a cloak, or a coat? That shawl is too thin."

"Oh, I'll be warm enough," was answered, in a brave, cheerful way. And so they went out together. The nearest drug store was at a distance of three squares. On the way, Doctor Hoffland asked a few leading questions, in order to gain, without drawing his companion into undue communicativeness, some idea of the condition of things at home.

"Have you always lived in Baltimore?" was one of his questions.

"Oh no, sir. We haven't lived here very long."

"How long?"

"Maybe about a year."

"Where did you live before you came to Baltimore?"

"In Albany."

"State of New York?"

"Yes, sir."

"Did your father keep a store in Albany?"

"Oh no, sir. He kept a school."

"Ah! A school?"

"Yes, sir. But he got sick, and lost it. And then we came here."

"Has your father taught since he has been in this city?"

"Yes, sir, for a little while; but not in his own school."

"He gave lessons in somebody else's school?"

"Yes, sir."

"What did he teach?"

"Latin and Greek, sir. But he can teach anything."

"He doesn't give lessons now?"

"No, sir. They got another man in his place; and he's been too sick to teach for a good while."

"How long is it since they got another man in his place?"

The child thought for some moments, and then replied,

"Ever since August. I know it from my birth-day."

"That was in August?"

"Yes, sir."

"How old were you then?"

"I was eight years old, sir."

"Eight years. And your name is Esther?"

"That is my name."

"Called after your mother?"

"No, sir; after my grandmother. But she's dead."

They were now at the druggist's shop, and entering, Doctor Hofland ordered the two prescriptions. While they were being prepared, he scanned the child's face closely. Some would have called it handsome; but he saw in its regular oval so many signs of endurance and suffering, that, as he gazed upon it, his heart was touched.

"Give me two packages of oat meal," he said, to the druggist, as he received the compounded medicines. "Now, Esther," turning to the child, "tell your mother to make a large bowl of gruel, and let your father drink as much of it as he can."

"Before he takes his medicine?" asked the child, lifting her earnest eyes to the Doctor's face.

"Yes. First the gruel, remember; and if his cough doesn't trouble him, he needn't take the medicine for an hour afterwards. Good night, dear. Run home as fast as you can; and tell your mother by no means to omit the gruel."

CHAPTER III.

When Doctor Hofland came back to his office, he found a man awaiting his return—a young

man, with a hard, sensual face, and something of a dissolute air.

"Doctor Hofland," said the visitor, rising, with a respectful manner, as the Doctor came in. The Doctor bowed, in assent.

"Can I have a few words with you, confidentially?"

"I presume so," replied the Doctor. "Be seated again."

The young man sat down. His manner was disturbed, and a little mysterious.

"I believe," he said, trying, though with only partial success, to assume a cool demeanor, "that you were acquainted with my father, the late Adam Guy."

"Yes, sir, I knew him."

"You attended him, in his last dreadful illness."

"I was not his physician," replied the Doctor.

"But you visited him, I know; for I saw you at our house."

"I was called in, as consulting physician, and saw him for a few times."

"Exactly. That is sufficient. Now, Doctor, you may not know it—but there was foul play with my father; and I'm bound to rip up the whole business. I'm going in to sift matters to the bottom."

"Foul play in what respect?" asked the Doctor.

"In all respects. That she-devil, his wife—excuse me! but I always lose myself when I think of her—managed to rob us children of nearly the whole of our father's property, by means of a will that, I am satisfied, could be broken in law. And I'm going to break it. Now, Doctor, you can help me. You attended my father, and know whether he was in condition to make a will. If it can be proved that he was *non compos* at the date of the will, then it is thrown overboard, and we come in, as heirs at law, for an equitable division of the estate. You see how it is, Doctor. What do you think? What is your opinion? Was the old gentleman sound or not? Fit to make a will or not?"

Disgust struggled with pity in Doctor Hofland's mind, and kept him silent. Edwin Guy scanned him sharply, trying to read his thoughts.

"What is your opinion, Doctor?" The young man was impatient for a response. "Of course, you have an opinion. You were with him. You saw exactly how it was. You know whether he was sane enough to make a will."

Doctor Hoffland thought as rapidly as possible, before committing himself in a reply.

"You are Mr. Guy's youngest son?" he said, avoiding the answer that was expected.

"Yes sir, I am. Edwin Guy is my name."

"Your brother John is dead?"

"He is."

"What of Adam, your oldest brother? Is he going to move with you in this matter?"

There was a change in the young man's face—anger and contempt swept over it.

"No, sir! The will was adroitly made, giving him the full sum to which he would have been entitled in a legal division of my father's estate. That settled him. Pocketing his share, he turned his back upon the younger children, and left them a prey to robbers. Thus bribed to abandon us to our fate, I hold him as an accomplice with my step-mother and that precious scoundrel, her husband. But right is right, Doctor, and I'm going to see this matter through. If I can establish the fact that my father was not in a sane condition when the will was made, there will be a new distribution of property, to the advantage of myself and sisters."

"What of your sisters, Mr. Guy? Where are they?"

This question dashed the young man. He reddened, and then stammered an admission that he was not particularly advised in regard to them.

"What about Lydia? Is she in Baltimore?"

"Indeed, Doctor, I am unable to speak with any certainty in regard to her. She threw herself away, as you perhaps know, in a disgraceful marriage, and became separated from the family. Nothing has been heard of her, so far as I am advised, since our father's death. My step-mother may know something of her whereabouts; but as we have been strangers for years, no information that she possesses would be likely to reach me."

"She may be dead," said the Doctor.

"Possible." There was not even a pretence of feeling in the young man's voice.

"You have a younger sister?"

"Yes, sir, Frances."

"Is she living with your step-mother?"

"I think not."

"When did you see her?"

The young man lifted his eyes to the ceiling, and mused for some time.

"It's over two years since I saw Frances," he said, at length, with as much indifference as though not a drop of kindred blood were in their veins.

"Is she married?"

"I've never heard of such an event."

So thoroughly disgusted was Doctor Hoffland with the unfeeling, almost brutal spirit shown by Edwin Guy, that he felt no inclination to aid him in any effort to break the will of his father.

"If called to give evidence," said the visitor, going back to the leading purpose in his thought, "how clearly could you state the case? In other words, if asked whether my father were sane or insane, what would be your answer?"

"There are degrees of insanity," replied the Doctor, "and it would be for the court to decide, on the particulars of evidence, its estimate of the degree in your father's case. There was certainly a temporary derangement of the faculties."

"Temporary! Anything but that, Doctor? It proved to be inveterate. You are aware that the family was compelled to send him to an asylum, where, in the violence of his insanity, he threw himself from a window, and was killed."

"Did it never cross your mind," asked the Doctor, dropping his voice to a more serious tone, "that in the precipitate removal of your father from our Maryland Hospital to a private mad house in another state, some wrong may have been involved?"

"Wrong? Wrong, sir? I am not sure that I take your meaning." There was a sudden knitting of the young man's brows.

"I never assented to his being taken from home in the first place."

"Ah?"

"No, sir. In my view, the case did not threaten the disaster that followed. Doctor L——, who is now dead, was your family physician, and I was called, I think, at your father's desire. But without advising with me, and certainly against my judgment, he was taken to the Hospital while under the influence of an opiate. In a few days, he was so much better, that the resident physician consented to his being removed by Doctor L—— and your step-mother. I learned this on personal inquiry at the Hospital. You may judge of my surprise when, not long afterwards, the fact came out that instead of being taken home, he was borne off to the private asylum where he died."

"Is that so?" exclaimed Edwin Guy, starting to his feet, with lowering brows, and eyes that had in them a strange glitter.

"That is so," replied the Doctor.

"Who took him to the Hospital?"

Without reflecting as to the prudence of his answer, Doctor Hoffand replied—

"Mr. Larobe and your step-mother."

"Ha! Larobe! Good! I begin to see light! Something wrong? Of course there was something wrong!"

And the young man stalked backwards and forwards across the office in a wild, excited manner. But suddenly composing himself, he sat down close to the Doctor, and bending towards him, said, while he rubbed his hands in suppressed excitement and expectation—

"What else? Mr. Larobe was with my step-mother—her accomplice in the matter. And they took him from the Hospital, and removed him to a distant asylum?"

"No; Doctor L—— accompanied your mother when your father was taken from the Hospital."

"Doctor L——, oh!" There was a tone of disappointment. "But no matter. The thing is plain as daylight. I'm much obliged to you for the hint. Something wrong? I believe you! I always said that woman was capable of anything; and I always said that her day would come. Murder will out, you know, Doctor; and it's coming out now."

"Don't take too much for granted," replied Doctor Hoffand; "I have only given you a fact or two, and must warn you against quoting or involving me in a single item beyond what I have said. My evidence will only serve in a limited degree; and if, through any eagerness to make out a case, you rely on me to prove a little more than my present language declares, you will damage instead of promoting the cause of justice. You have all that I know or think it advisable to suggest. In my view, your father's case was a simple one, and should not have led at so early a stage of aberration, to his removal from home. If the will dates prior to this removal, the question of his ability to devise property is an open one, and may be decided by the courts either way. Unless you have a cloud of witnesses to prove insanity as existing when the will was made, an attempt to break it may only involve you in years of costly and fruitless litigation."

"I'm obliged to you for the advice Doctor," said the young man, resuming a cool exterior. "You've set me to thinking in a new direction." And with half-closed eyes, and shut, protruding mouth, he sat musing, with an occasional satisfactory nod, as he followed the train of thought which had been awakened in

his mind. Then rising and drawing his cloak about his shoulders, he bade the Doctor good evening, and retired.

CHAPTER IV.

On leaving the office of Doctor Hoffand, Edwin Guy walked hastily for several blocks, until he came into the neighborhood of the Court House, when he turned down St. Paul's street. Near Fayette street he entered, without ringing, one of the houses, and groped his way along an unlighted passage, to the back room on the first floor. In this room, furnished as a lawyer's office, a man sat by a table, writing. He looked up as the door opened, showing a large face and head, and a pair of calm, cold, steady eyes. His age was about forty.

Guy, after shutting the door, took a chair at the table opposite to this man, and then they looked at each other for a few moments in silence.

"Did you see him?" The lawyer, for that was the man's profession, spoke first. His voice was firm and penetrating, yet not burdened with any special interest. A close observer, and one skilled in human nature, would however have detected beneath his unmoved exterior a wily, alert spirit.

"I saw him," replied the young man.

"To any good purpose?"

"You will think so, when you hear what I have learned."

"The Doctor's evidence will serve you in the case?"

"I'm not sure of that. He doesn't think my father was so very insane when taken to the hospital."

"What?" The lawyer betrayed a momentary impulse; for instantly his thought compassed the true significance of this answer.

"There's been foul play beyond anything I had imagined, Mr. Glastonberry. It makes my hair stand on end to think of it."

"Foul play in what respect?"

"In respect to my father."

"Doctor Hoffand is not satisfied that he was insane?"

"No sir. He was consulting physician at the time, and they removed my father to the Hospital while stupefied with opium, without a word of conference with him."

"Is that so?"

"It is, on the word of Doctor Hoffand; and I reckon he won't lie."

"If Doctor Hoffand says so, you may believe it."

"Of course I believe it. And who, think

you, were the accomplices in this thing? Who, think you, conveyed him to the Hospital?"

"I cannot guess."

"My step-mother, and——Justin Larobe!"

"No!"

"Yes, sir; on the word of Doctor Hofland, as declared to me this night. His information was obtained from the resident physician at the Hospital, of whom he made inquiry at the time. And I learn farther, that in the few days my father remained in the Hospital, he improved so rapidly, that the physician made no objection to his being taken home again at the request of my step-mother, who, in company with the late Doctor L——, then our family physician, called in a carriage, and removed him."

"Taking him home?"

"No, sir. He never saw home again!"

"What?"

"He never saw home again. A short time afterwards, Dr. Hofland learned to his amazement, that my father had been taken from our excellent institution, and placed in a private mad-house on Long Island, where the catastrophe occurred that ended his life."

"Grave matters are involved here, my young friend," said the lawyer. The case assumes an entirely new aspect."

"It does, Mr. Glastonberry. I saw that in a moment. I question now whether an attempt to set aside the will, under an allegation of insanity, would be successful. The testimony of Dr. Hofland, on which I mainly relied, would damage instead of helping the case. He does not think the mental disturbance of my father was at all serious in the beginning."

"The move, if now attempted, must be in some new direction," said Mr. Glastonberry, dropping his head, and partly closing his eyes.

"One thing is clear," remarked Guy—"Larobe and my step-mother plotted to get father out of the way, and plotted successfully. Their act was little less than murder. It can be proved that they drugged him while sick, and then carried him to the Hospital; and further proved that he was taken from thence in an improved condition, and sent to a distant asylum, kept by an irresponsible foreigner, where he met with a violent death. An ugly look all that would have, bruited to the world in a court of justice."

"Very ugly." Mr. Glastonberry spoke as if to himself.

"If successful in breaking this will," resumed Edwin Guy, "there will be so many to share

in the estate, that my proportion cannot be large."

"How many children are there?"

"Six or seven—six, if my sister Lydia is dead; and I guess, seeing that nothing has been heard from her in eight or ten years, that she is safely out of this troublesome world."

"She may have left children."

Guy shrugged his shoulders, and frowned, saying—

"I didn't think of that."

"Say seven children; and the law will give your step-mother one-third of the estate."

"And her three cursed imps nearly half of what remains, after that great slice is taken out," growled the young man.

Just so. The whole estate possessed by your father at the time of his decease, you estimate in round numbers at two hundred and fifty thousand dollars."

"Yes."

"Deduct your step-mother's one-third, and we have left about one hundred and sixty-seven thousand dollars, to divide between seven persons, or something over twenty-three thousand to each. It will be safe to call this twenty thousand. Now you have already received ten thousand dollars under the will. As a fee for recovering the balance, you offer me one-half. The case may be on trial for half-a-dozen years. Larobe is a hard man to fight at law. Does this view look enticing?"

"No, sir, it does not," was the strongly spoken answer.

"Our fox may prove too swift for us in the open field; we must hunt him under cover."

"Just my own conclusion. The fact is, Mr. Glastonberry, to speak outright and downright, I'm for getting my own in the surest and safest way. Larobe and his she-devil of a wife must disgorge; and from what I have learned this evening, there is a process by which that desirable result may be effected. A crime lies between them; I know it, and can ruin them with a word!"

Guy had been seated since he entered the lawyer's office; but in closing this sentence, he started up in an excited manner, and gesticulated with some violence.

"I can ruin them at a word," he repeated—"and what is more, I'll do it, unless——"

He did not complete the sentence, but Glastonberry understood him.

"One thing must not be forgotten," said the lawyer, in his cold, deliberate way. "You have a cunning fox to deal with in Larobe."

"A swift-footed hound, keen of scent, is

usually a match for the cunningest fox. I'll put you against Larobe, any day; and I'm not slow myself, when the game's on foot.

Glastonberry's upper lip was raised in a peculiar way—drawn back, as we sometimes see it in a dog—showing two or three of the teeth on one side. The movement seemed nervous, and passed in a moment. It did not appear, from all the signs in his face, whether he relished his client's compliment or not.

"What do you propose?" he asked.

"If the Doctor's story is true, there's been foul play towards my father."

"Unquestionably," replied Mr. Glastonberry.

"And Larobe is a party to the foul play."

"I take that for granted."

"Very well. A man with a crime on his conscience is always a coward. You can frighten him into anything, if he is fully assured that you know his secret."

"In some cases that is so."

"Will it not be so with Larobe?"

"His character, as a man of honorable dealing, does not stand very high, you are aware. Two or three estates of orphans have been queerly managed under his administration; and he has coolly braved the odium of legal inquiry into his conduct, suffering damage to his good name in consequence."

"I can shake the penitentiary, nay, the gallows, in his face," said Guy, fiercely.

"He will understand the value of all that to the tenth part of a scruple."

"Of course, he will," answered the young man, losing a portion of his excitement under the chilling composure of the lawyer. "And its value is not to be determined with feathers in the opposing scale."

"In this line of attack, Edwin," said Mr. Glastonberry, "great caution is needed. If Larobe were a merchant, of ordinary calibre, or, in any other profession except law, he might be advanced upon with the prospect of a certain victory. But he is wily, crafty, and well entrenched in any position he may have taken. He knows every inch of the ground he stands on; its weak and its impregnable side. If you approach him as an enemy, he will comprehend your strength and resources, as compared with his own, and by feints and covert movements, seek to betray you to destruction—and he will do it, if you are not wholly on your guard."

"How can he damage me?" asked Guy.

"Conspiracies to extort money are regarded as serious crimes; and, moreover, in our

courts, a lawyer, as party to a suit, has two chances to one in his favor."

"What do you mean by that?"

"Simply, that, from a certain *esprit de corps*, the Bench and the Bar generally sustain each other. It is a difficult thing to get one lawyer of standing to conduct a case against a brother in the profession, who holds a good position. If Larobe can trap you in any way, and then dispose of you under legal process, depend upon it, he will do so, and you may find yourself across the Falls, and under lock and key, before even conscious of danger. Instead of hurting him, you may ruin yourself."

"Then you advise an open and above-board suit to break the will?"

"No; I do not advise that."

"What then?"

"Simply, that you govern yourself in all things, as I direct. There is a safe way, and also an unsafe way, in this business."

"I am in your hands, Mr. Glastonberry."

"Hold yourself strictly to my suggestions,"

answered the lawyer, "and I think we may gain more by private arrangement with Larobe, than in a perplexing suit. I must, of course, be unknown in the affair. It will not do for you to come here for consultation in the day time; nor must we ever be seen talking together on the street. In fact, we should avoid recognizing each other on meeting. It will suggest itself to Larobe, that you are acting under advice; and he will be Argus-eyed in his efforts to learn by whom your well considered advances upon him are instigated. If I am known, my power will, in a great measure, be gone. You understand?"

"O yes. I see the bearing of all that. You can trust in my discretion. I know what is at stake."

"Very well. Now we understand each other clearly. See me again to-morrow evening. In the mean time, it may be well for you to call on Doctor Hoffand, and get from him a repetition of what he said to-night, and anything further he may feel inclined to communicate. But, I must particularly caution you against the utterance of threats towards Mr. Larobe, or the use of any expressions that may give the Doctor a hint of what you intend doing. Note his language exactly, in all he says about your father, so as to remember his very words. I think—" he added, encouragingly—"that we have a rich case, and one that will pay, if we manage our cards aright. We must not be precipitate; but move with stealthy circumspection. Larobe must not be

startled, too suddenly, by a threat. He must be toyed with, and entreated, as it were. Your first visit should be one of solicitation, rather than demand. An approach to get his ear, and open the way for other advances. But I will think out the programme minutely, and to-morrow evening speak by the card."

Mr. Glastonberry then arose, and going to a closet, brought forth a small waiter, on which were glasses and a bottle of wine.

"It is sharp out to-night," he said, "and you must warm yourself before going with Amontillado."

And he poured two full glasses of the pale, sunny liquor.

"You perceive the flavor," said Glastonberry, as Guy, after sipping at his glass, noted the taste on his palate.

"True Amontillado," was replied, and then the glass was emptied and set down, but held between the fingers, in dumb invitation to be refilled—an invitation that did not wait.

"You're a judge of wine, Mr. Glastonberry," remarked Guy, approvingly, as he smacked his lips, after emptying his second glass.

"I know a good article," answered the lawyer. "Try another glass. It is light," and he filled for his companion again.

When, half an hour afterwards, they parted, the bottle stood empty on the lawyer's table.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

Kings and Queens of England.

WILLIAM I.

William I., was crowned at Westminster, on Christmas day, 1066, by the Archbishop of York, and took the oath usual in the times of the Saxon and Danish kings, which was to protect and defend the church, to observe the laws of the realm, and to govern the people with impartiality. He was of middle height, stoutly made, and of great strength; his countenance was stern; he was shrewd, grave and thoughtful; he never indulged in gayeties or amusements, except hunting, of which he was very fond. He was exact in the performance of all religious observances, and generous to his friends; but ambition was his ruling passion.

He began his reign with so much prudence and moderation, that the English thought they had great reason to be satisfied; he treated them with friendship and confidence, but placed all real power in the hands of the Normans.

He professed great regard for the rights and laws of all his subjects, and so quieted the minds of the people.

But it was not from love that they submitted to his rule; they obeyed more from fear, as was evident from their improving the first opportunity to revolt, which was on the occasion of the king's visit to Normandy, about six months after he was crowned, where he wished to enjoy the triumph and congratulations of his friends and subjects. Some English nobles who accompanied him made such a display of wealth and magnificence as quite astonished the Normans.

The return of the king restored public peace for a time; but for many years the people struggled to throw off the Norman yoke, and their repeated revolts rendered him suspicious of them, and he began to consider them as secret enemies, and forced them to submit.

It was necessary to cherish and reward the Normans, whose valor had opened him a way to the throne, and whose fidelity was his only support. This could only be done at the expense of the English, on whom the king imposed intolerable taxes, and confiscated the estates of the nobles and presented them to his Norman followers. He was determined to depress everything English, and the clergy met with no better treatment than the nobility. He subjected the church lands, as well as others, to military service, from which they had been exempt under the Saxon kings. Many English bishops, priests and abbots were removed, and their places filled by Normans. This general transfer of the power and property of the English to the Normans was the most important transaction of his reign. From this period England became Normanized, the laws, the manners, and the language of Normandy began to prevail; a great number of Norman words were introduced, and at length a mixed language was formed, different from the Norman, and from that spoken by the English before the conquest. William reduced all the ancient and honorable families to poverty, and the whole country to submission; he set the pope at defiance, by refusing to do him homage, and was successful in opposing France and Scotland; and thinking all opposition to his power at an end, turned his attention to his revenues. He caused a survey of all estates in England to be made, and entered in a general register called the Domesday Book, which is of value now, and is preserved in the Tower. He built the town of Newcastle-upon-Tyne, and laid the foundation of the Tower of

London. To make the New Forest in Hampshire, he demolished thirty-six churches; and thirty villages were destroyed, with all the houses in the adjacent country, and more than thirty miles in circuit was depopulated, to gratify his hunting propensities. In this, his favorite forest, where he had demolished the temples of the Deity, and violently seized the property of the people, two of his sons, and one of his grandsons, lost their lives. Richard, his second son, was killed by a stag, in his father's lifetime. During the wars in England, Edgar Atheling, the rightful heir to the throne, was with Malcolm, king of Scotland, who married Margaret, one of his sisters. He agreed with William to give up all claim to the throne, after which he was received by the king, and provided for at his expense.

William, early in life, married Matilda, daughter of Baldwin, earl of Flanders; she was a good and beautiful lady, beloved by all. They had four sons and a number of daughters. The oldest son, Robert, raised a rebellion in Normandy, and caused the king much trouble; soon after it was suppressed, queen Matilda died, which was a severe blow to the king; his next difficulty was with Philip I., king of France, whose dominions he laid waste; and was killed by a plunge of his horse at the burning of Mantes, on September 9, 1087, at the age of sixty-three, after a reign of fifty-two years over Normandy, and twenty-one over England.

DELAFIELD, WIS.

Coming Down in the World.

BY F. A. C.

To come down in the world? What's the world?
Ah ye'll find no true ladder to Heaven
Until ye come down: for 'tis given
To ascend from no round of the world.

The grand earth;—God's dear, life-giving earth!

On this plant your spiritual ladder:
'Twill make as much wiser as sadder:
But your first step must be from dear earth.

From this you will rise to the height
Which He gives to your limited vision;
He may call you to regions Elysian;
He may hold these long, long, from your sight.

But the world will enchain you no more:
You must struggle, perchance, with it, boldly:
You can never look on it all coldly:
For its votaries you'll work and implore.

Thus ye'll winnow the chaff from the world!
Thus the loaf will grow light from your leaven:
Thus to prophet and poet 'tis given
To give their earth-life for the world!

Evening Thoughts.

BY J. L. M'CREEERY.

"Heaven lies about us in our infancy."—Wordsworth.

Yon taper in the distance—
How far it throws its beams!
But no! it is the evening star,
Which through the forest gleams.

Far towards the Land of Morning,
Far in the mellow West,
The jewelled vault of Heaven seems
Upon the earth to rest.

Thus, o'er the Realm of Childhood
Bends down the yearning dome,
Sweet voices blend with tones of earth,
And forms angelic come.

No more we hear their music,
Nor see their forms; but, oh!
Through yonder gates of gold and pearl
How many angels go!

Behold, the Star of Evening
Has vanished in the West;
So sinks the man, whose life is done,
Serenely to his rest.

The heavens bend to meet him—
Earth dims upon his sight,
Till from the Western shore of Time
He launches into light.

He bends to pass the portal—
The narrow, darksome way,
Into that world whose faintest beams
Make glorious our day.

But we, the Heirs of Manhood,
Athirst for fame and gold—
Around our hearts the earth has thrown
Its dark and cheerless mould:

Or, if our vision wanders
Up where the angels are,
Some tiny ray awhile may gleam,
How bright—but oh, how far!

THE DEATH OF A WIFE.—"The death of a man's wife," says Lamartine, "is like cutting down an ancient oak that has long shaded the family mansion. Henceforth the glare of the world, with its cares and vicissitudes, falls upon the old widower's heart, and there is nothing to break their force, or shield him from the full weight of misfortune. It is as if his right hand were withered; as if one wing of his angel was broken, and every movement that he made brought him to the ground. His eyes are dimmed and glassy, and when the film of death falls over him, he misses those accustomed tones which should have smoothed his passage to the grave."

LAY SERMONS.

Our Changing States.

The weather is not more variable than our states of mind. To-day the atmosphere is serene, the sky unclouded; to-morrow, an unquiet thrill runs pulsing through all the air, and our Heavens are overcast. We are shadowed and troubled.

These changes in our mental condition result often from unapparent causes; and often from disturbances of so light a character, that we look back at them in wonder, and question with ourselves whether something more serious, which we vainly endeavor to recall, does not exist. It is only an appearance, that the primary cause of these sudden, and almost uncontrollable changes, comes from without, jarring us from our tranquil self-possession. The elements of disquietude are all within, though the touch by which they are awakened, may reach us from the outside. If there was nothing within to be disturbed, the hand of discord might feel about our heart-strings in vain. The light step of a child will shake the uncertain bog; but the stamp of a giant moves not the solid earth.

Our states of mind are always affected by those with whom we come in contact. We cannot pass an hour, or even the tenth part of an hour, with any one, and not experience some change in our feelings. Sometimes the change is pleasant, sometimes disagreeable. A visitor drops in. We happen to be feeling dull. Something has gone wrong—we are under a cloud. But, sunshine comes in with our visitor, and at the very sound of his voice, the heart beats strong again. His conversation soothes us into tranquil peace, or lifts our thought into the world of pure ideas, beyond life's petty discords. He leaves us, and our mind is calmer for the day. Again—we are in a peaceful state. Not a cloud flecks the sky. To live is enjoyment. An acquaintance calls, and almost immediately an uneasy motion is felt. His sphere touches us unpleasantly, and we are instinctively on our guard. In less than ten minutes we feel a sense of disquietude. Evil and disturbing elements become active. Every word he utters comes as a challenge to some bad passion, or hurts some tender spot. He probes our sore places with the cool precision of a surgeon, and goes away, at length, leaving us miserable for the day.

As there is no gratuitous evil, the class of which this last-mentioned individual is a representative, has, no doubt, its use—no credit to the class, of course. It must needs be that offences come; but woe to him by whom they come. All disturbing elements that exist in our minds are evil elements, and as really hurtful to the spirit as morbid things are to the body; and it is just as important that

we be advised of their existence, as of corresponding things in the lower plane of animal life. But, while quiescent, their existence is not perceived. Stealthily their evil work may be going on. Like spiders in dark corners and shut chambers, these evil things are silently casting fibre after fibre, and loop after loop, around our souls, until threads of gossamer are spun into bonds no strength of ours may sunder. It is well for us, then, that some hand open a window occasionally, and let in the light upon these dark corners and shut chambers, disturbing the spiders at their work. There will be, of course, a sudden stir, a shaking along the filmy lines, a sense of bondage as the spirit rises to an easy movement. From repose and self-enjoyment—from false security, there will be an awakening into painful disquietude. We are offended, perhaps, because of this meddling with our individual life. We blame the officious hand that flung open a shut window—we call him a disturber of our peace who frightened the spiders at their evil work, and made us aware of their presence. And he may have intended to disturb us, not that he might help us to cast out these evil things, but that he might enjoy our pain and humiliation. But, let us remember, that if there be no unclean, no vile and hurtful things, in our minds, the opening of a window, and flashing in of light, cannot touch our tranquil states. If the chambers of our souls are always swept and garnished, sunbeams can only reveal order and beauty.

And so, if miserable for the day, after such a visitation, good must follow with those who aspire after good—with those who, once made conscious of disease, turn to the Great Physician. We may not be able to think well of him who discovered to us how weak, vain, selfish or mean-spirited we were, because he only sought to wound and humiliate. Nay, we will hold ourselves guarded at the next interview, lest he reveal to us other spider-filled corners, and humble us in his presence again.

Salutary as the influence of these disturbers of our peace may be, through the revelations they give us of ourselves, they only help us to discover evil, which they sent as the crow cements carrion. They are not physicians; have no ointment for the sores they uncover; no balm for the wounds made in sharp thrusts into our tender sides. They hurt us, and then go on their way rejoicing that they left us in pain. With us, if we are indeed of those who are striving to ascend to the higher regions of spiritual life, where the sky is clear, and the air serene, they leave, in their departure, the difficult but essential duty of forgiveness. Let us see to it that our hurt in the contact is less than was intended; nay, that good come, where evil was designed.

Of that other class to which we have referred,

the individuals come to us as angels come, searching for good. They are of those who say to evil, be far from me. In their company the bad in us hides itself still farther away, or skulks to the dim exterior of our conscious life, shorn for the time of strength. All that is generous, and noble; all that is self-denying; all that gives us sympathy with our fellow man; all that invests goodness with beauty, is made alive and active in our souls. They come to us in light—they come to us in love—making truth clearer, and affection warmer. The peace that dwells with them, pervading their atmosphere, like the odorous sphere surrounding a flower, and penetrating to our life, is no slumberous calm. The sun is shining; the air is clear and vital; good seed in the ground has sprung up in thrifty stalks, and harvest nods hopefully in the swelling grain. And we feel, while with them, our own earth drinking the sun, and thank God for the signs of fruitfulness in our souls. All is not a barren waste, as we sometimes feared. They have made us more in love with goodness; strengthened our better purposes; taught us lessons of forgiveness, and shown us how to walk with Him, who, when upon earth, went about doing good. Blessings on all such! Their lives are in heaven. In the Golden Age, angels walked with men; not in natural bodies, but in bodies of spiritual substance, made visible to the spiritual eyes of celestial men, living in primal innocence. Sin closed the inner senses, and though

"Myriads of spiritual beings walk the earth unseen, Whether we sleep or wake,"

our darkened vision perceives them not. And yet, in God's mercy, angels still walk and talk with us, leading our thoughts upward, and these are they of whom we have just spoken. Their lives are in heaven; but they dwell in natural bodies, and talk with us face to face. Blessings on them, we repeat.

Our changes of state are all dependent on things within us. Disturbing influences may come from without; but, if there is nothing to disturb, the pressure is vain. The wind that lashes the sea into fury, sweeps scarcely heeded over the level earth. What a lesson in this—what a revelation! Every touch from the outside meets some response within, or dies unheeded. If to an evil allurements an evil desire starts up, what will you say? That the allurements created the desire? Not so. The magnet revealed the iron. The evil was there. And so of any and all responses made by the soul. Thus, our changes of state are our instructors. They show us the quality of our lives; admonish us of hidden diseases; and encourage us by revelations of progress in the right way, or triumphs in the good fight.

T. S. A.

MOTHERS' DEPARTMENT.

Hang up a Picture.

BY J. E. M'C.

Mother, let your nursery wall abound in pictures, even though they are of the very humblest character, so they teach a useful or interesting lesson. Even the wood cut of an elephant, or a sketch of the most common scenery, is better than a dead blank wall. Children hunger for new ideas, and attend as eagerly while you describe their simple pictures, as when you prepare agreeable food to satisfy their physical needs. You can scarcely estimate the value of lessons thus inculcated, or of the aid they are in developing your child's faculties. Let your pictures teach lessons of love and gentleness, of tender care and affection for even the humblest of God's creatures, and guard well your collection from anything repulsive or degrading. Shun, as you would vipers, the coarse, comic caricatures, which a depraved public taste has caused to abound so extensively at the present day. Never suffer your child to pore over them, any more than you would permit him to listen and mingle with the coarse slang of the street. The tendency of both is precisely the same, though the pictures to the eye are, if any difference, more vivid and enduring.

Nothing makes a room brighter or cheerier for a child than an abundance of pictures he has been taught to think over and understand. And, mother, do not think any possible effort too great that makes the room pleasant, where your little one passes most of his hours. One has well said, "the child that does not love his nursery, is in danger when he goes out into the world."

Teach him to observe all the various parts of a picture, the way-side flowers, the little birds nestling among the branches of the trees, the bent form of the aged wayfarer, the tender care of the little grandchild who leads him. Point out the little details of a happy domestic scene; awaken his sympathies for the shipwrecked mariners, in his sea piece; and teach him, from it, to be thoughtful of the poor sailors when the storm is raging without, and he is so snug and comfortable at home.

A writer has said, "a room with pictures and a room without, differs almost as much as a room with windows and a room without windows. Pictures are windows to the imprisoned mind, leading it to look out on other scenes and spheres. They are books—histories and sermons which can be read without the trouble of turning over leaves."

Letter from a Bereaved Mother.

Several months ago we received a letter from one of the Magazine's correspondents, a mother, to whose happy home the angel of death had come. She asked earnest questions about recognitions and reunions in heaven, and desired of us such views as we might have to give on a subject about which so many are seeking light. We could not, in any brief letter, make clear what to us seemed true, and so, for our correspondent, and for others in like states of mind, we wrote "In the Hereafter," which appeared in our October number. A response from our bereaved stranger friend has come; and it is so full of the right spirit—of patience that gives clearness of vision—of hopeful trust in Him who doeth all things well—that we copy a portion for the sake of other grieving ones, to whom her words may give comfort, hope and assurance. She says:—

"I wish that I could hope adequately to reply to the many deeply interesting thoughts suggested by your article, entitled 'In the Hereafter.' I cannot attempt it in a letter; the subject is too vast for such limited communication. Allow me, however, to thank you for the candid and explicit, yet gentle manner in which you led me into a broader and higher perception of the *whole of life*. It is true that these contemplations of the Divine economy do 'not satisfy our natural affections,' they do not assuage the almost agonizing longing for the *visible presence* of the beloved. This is a wound which must still bleed—a sorrow which must endure until the dawning of that not distant morning when all tears shall be wiped away. But it is blessed to know that the strongest tie that bound us together is still permitted to exist—the firm, sweet bond of love for all that is true, and merciful, and excellent, and just. To develop this vigorous germ of holy affection in the heart and life of our noble and gifted boy, was our highest ambition. God has, in his infinite wisdom, appointed that precious task to abler teachers, under more favorable surroundings, and in the companionship of more loving and congenial spirits. O, most blind and selfish must we indeed be, if in all this we discern not the love and pity as well as the sovereign power of our Heavenly Father, if from the grateful depths of our chastened hearts we do not say, 'He doeth all things well, blessed, forever blessed be his name!'

"Your view, which is certainly a most rational and not unscriptural one, touching the reunion of those in whom the spiritual aspirations and activities are alike, is full of comfort and encouragement. It makes the mourner's path to the lost one a plain and pleasant journey. It affords us a new and potent inducement to gird on the whole armor of God, to lay aside every weight, and run with patience through all the appointed way till our change come. This consolation is obviously only

for those whose friends were, at the time of their departure, prepared for the company of just men made perfect, as we cannot hope for recognition and mutual happiness except on the ground of mutual holiness.

"I would like to write many pages to show you what precious grounds of comfort we have in thinking of our little boy; but it would probably not interest you at this time. Sufficient to say that he seemed the embodiment of all that we ever aimed at, of gentleness, patience, benevolence, truth and obedience. The day you wrote me would have been his third birth-day. He was with us a little less than two and a half years; yet at that tender age he had been for many months our teacher in perfect integrity, forgiveness, contentment, and impartial philanthropy. Do not smile, sir, when I attribute such high qualities of character to so very young a child; it may have been remarkable, I think it was, but he certainly possessed them in a degree seldom seen in adult Christians. If you had known him I think you would not have wondered when I wrote you of the *'interior spiritual sympathy'* which made us feel that he was indeed *'our own.'* Well, I believe that the distance between us is growing less and less, and as I sit here to-day in this quiet room, where, last December, I did not stay alone—this room that was so pleasant then, but is so desolate now, my lonely heart grows warm with the thought that perhaps that darling angel-child is permitted still to linger near me; that perhaps it is his soul that is urging mine to a life of more entire consecration to the will of God, and to the loving service of His creatures. Whether this be so or not, I know that 'it is well with the child' in the higher and holier sphere to which he has attained, and by His gracious assistance, whose aid none ever sought in vain, I hope to be fitted for a blessed reunion—

"Beyond the flight of Time—beyond the reign of Death,
In that serene and happy clime, where life is not a breath,
Nor life's affections transient fire,
Whose sparks fly upward to expire."

Precocious Children.

LONG SERMONS.

BY MRS. J. STEPHENSON.

"Carrie," I said, "you can have the book yourself and learn the poem when your work is done; the children are now through with it."

"I don't believe I can learn it, ma'am," she said, rather mournfully, as she took up the volume.

"O yes, you can," I replied, "a poor memory only wants cultivation to become a good one."

"I didn't used to have a poor memory, ma'am; but the Sunday-School teacher said that whoever could learn the most verses could have the premium Bible; an I learn't three hundred and twenty-five

verses, and read them all in one day. Me head ached dreadful after it; an I never learnt much since; for if I did learn I couldn't remember it."

"How long was this ago, Carrie?"

"Three or four years, ma'am."

Reader, this is but one story out of many such, if the facts were known, and I never read of a little boy or girl with a memory capable of retaining hundreds of verses, that I don't involuntarily think of Carrie. What sin has a child committed that we should, for the sake of gratifying our own ambition, ruin its intellect? Some children take to books just as others do to pies, and cake, and sweetmeats. We punish the latter, but pet and fondle the former, and say they will be the pride of the family. A three year old little boy, with a sister a year older, go past my door to school, and I sigh as I see the spectacle. They should double their years before a book is seen in their hands; never to speak of the cramping of their infant limbs during the long tedious school hours. An eminent writer has said, that if he wanted to make a scholar,

he would take the boy at ten years old who did not know his letters, in preference to the boy who could parse, write and cipher at the same age.

I had nearly entered my teens, when, on a visit to an excellent Presbyterian aunt, I went in the family buggy to meeting. We went after breakfast, my little cousins and I, with the grown-up people—two sermons, and not a word for children—were the order of the day, with a little recess between. I am a woman now, a grown-up woman, with children of my own, but to this day I have the most dismal recollections of those monotonous, long, wearisome sermons. I got to dread Sunday, and was afraid of its coming, while I staid at my aunt's. How my poor cousins stood it all their lives I never knew; nor was I surprised that after all the money spent on Iko's collegiate course, they never could make a minister of him. Mothers, make Sunday pleasant to your children, else they'll think the other world is all long sermons, and wearisome Sundays.

CARROL CO., ILLINOIS.

BOYS' AND GIRLS' TREASURY.

The "Nose Out of Joint."

BY VIRGINIA F. TOWNSEND.

"Wall, Miss Maggie, you may expect your nose to be put out of joint, now."

"Why will my nose be put out of joint, Betty?" I said, looking up from the small bead pincushion I was making for my new Aunt Augusta, for we were expecting her and Uncle Fred the next day.

"Oh, because," answered Betty, sweeping her great dust brush over the table, "when he gets his new wife he wont have eyes nor ears for anything else. You musn't look for the old pettings, and kissings, and the chasings round the room, and the frolics every morning and night. His wife will have all those now; and you may as well make up your mind to it first as last, for it'll come. Men are all jest alike when they get married."

"I don't believe my dear Uncle Fred will change to me, anyhow," I said.

"Wall, you'll live to see!" and Betty left the room, shaking her head.

Betty's words went away down in my heart, and made a pain and burning there; and I grew angry at the thought of the strange lady whom my uncle was to bring to our home; and when I thought that perhaps he wouldn't call me his "Pet" and "Blossom" any more, or pull my curls for fun, I couldn't help crying all alone.

I had been real glad when he first told me that he was going to bring home a sweet aunt, who would love me very much, and whom I too must

learn to love, first for his sake, and then for her own. And I had a great many sweet and loving thoughts about this aunt; and dreams of putting my arms around her neck, and kissing her; and I had wondered how she would look, and what she would say; but now my heart grew hard and cold towards her. I wished that she would never come to us, and when I thought that she would take away my Uncle Fred from me that I had loved so long, and that he would never be to me the same dear, kind, fun-loving uncle, which he had been before; never take me on his knee and tell me pretty stories before I went to bed, and hold up something over my head done up in soft white paper, and tell me to "guess" what it was, which I never could do, although I was always certain that it was some pretty gift for me, my heart burned almost fiercely towards the strange lady, and "Aunt Augusta," which before had sounded so pretty, now seemed hateful to me!

I had nobody to whom I could tell this but grandma; and I don't know why, I couldn't make up my mind to let her know how I felt, so I just concluded that I would have nothing to do with Uncle Fred's wife. I would only speak to her when there was no help for it; and I laid the bead purse away in my basket. I wouldn't make presents for folks who had won my uncle's love away from me!

Uncle Fred came with his wife the next day, just before dinner. I was up stairs in the hall, listening,

and I heard grandma call her "My dear daughter!" after Uncle Fred had said, "This is my wife Augusta, mother!" and the lady said, "My dear mother!" in a sweet, soft-falling voice; and I knew they were kissing each other.

Then uncle said, as soon as he had given some directions about the trunks,

"Where's little Blossom? I thought she'd be the first on hand," and his loud call came up to me—"Maggie, Maggie, where are you, you little witch?" and then I knew it must come, so I just went down stairs as quietly as I could; and I know that there was no joy in my face, for there was none in my heart.

Uncle Fred caught me up in his arms. "Why, my little girl!" he said, "what makes you so slow? I want to show you your new aunt!" and he led me into the parlor.

The lady seated there rose up and came towards me. She was very, very pretty, with soft, dark brown hair, and deep blue eyes, and lips that parted with the sweetest smile.

"My dear little niece," she said, "I am very glad to see you," and she drew me to her, and kissed me in a way that I could not help but like; and some of the hardness and chill went out of my heart as I looked on the sweet face of my new aunt.

"Can't you tell her, Maggie, that you expect to love her very much?" asked my uncle.

I felt my face growing very red, for this would have been a story, and I did not dare to tell it; so I stammered out what was really true—

"I hope, Aunt Augusta, that you will like us all very much."

"Oh, I am certain of that, dear," she said, kissing me again; but Uncle Fred looked at me with a wondering, ominous look.

"What's come over the child, mother?" he said to grandma, in an undertone.

"I don't know, Fred; she's been unusually quiet for the last day or two. I thought it was because that she missed you."

Uncle Fred and Aunt Augusta talked with me at dinner a good deal, and I couldn't see that he was changed at all. After dinner, I went up into the sitting-room, and a little while later, Uncle Fred followed me softly. He took me right on his knee, and I nestled up closely to him.

"What is the matter with you, darling?" he asked.

"Why, Uncle Fred?"

"Because you don't seem bright and happy. Aren't you glad to see your new aunt?"

"I don't think I am, Uncle Fred."

"Why, Maggie!" and he put me away from him, and looked at me with a half-surprised, half-reproachful look.

"Well, you asked me uncle, and you know that I must tell the truth."

"That is right; but it grieves me to find that you are not glad to see this new aunt, whom I expected my little girl would love so much."

"Well, I don't like to have my nose put out of joint."

"What does that mean? Who has been putting such foolish thoughts into your little head?"

I nestled close up to my uncle, and told him what Betty had said, and all the sorrow, and hardness, and burning, which had been in my heart.

"Little goose," he said, when I had done, and he hugged me closer; and then his face suddenly grew serious. "Maggie, it was very wrong and foolish in Betty to make those remarks to you. If she had been a better or wiser person, she would never have done so. But there is an evil spirit which has its dwelling in some back closet of every human heart, and sooner or later, it comes out of its lurking place, and walks about, filling us with wrong and bitter thoughts and feelings; and Maggie, this evil spirit has been walking through your heart."

"It has?" in a great surprise and fear.

"Yes, and its name is *Jealousy*; and it has made you feel very hard and bitter towards the new aunt who has come here with a heart full of tenderness towards you; and I expected my little niece would be glad to have another to love her, and that we should all be happy together, and each love the other, for my heart and my conduct will not change towards you, Maggie."

I saw then how wrong and mistaken I had been, and I was very sorry that the evil spirit of Jealousy had come out of the back closet in my heart; and I told my uncle so, with the tears in my eyes.

"Well, darling, you must always try to send it back in the future," kissing me.

"I don't know how, uncle."

"Ask God to forgive and help you. And now, dear child, let us go down stairs together, and if your heart says it, tell your aunt that you are glad because she has come to us."

And I did, putting my arms around her neck, and feeling every word that I said. And I think now that my Aunt Augusta is the dearest, kindest aunt in the world, and it seems to me she must be like my own dear mother, who went to Heaven so long ago. Uncle Fred has not altered at all, only he seems happier than before, and I know that Aunt Augusta is the joy and comfort of his heart. We are all very happy together, and I am sorry and ashamed when I think of the time that I feared "my nose would be out of joint."

THE PET OF OUR HOME.

Sweet little Johnny! loved little one!
The brightest of sunbeams that ever has shone;
The best of earth's blessings that ever has come;
Sweet little Johnny, the pet of our home.

Eyes blue and sparkling, brow pure and white,
Feet ever dancing, smile ever bright;
Lips so inviting, that sure we must kiss,
Who would not cherish a treasure like this?

Hymn for Children.

BY CLARA J. LEE.

Oh God, our country calls
Loudly on thee!
Beign Thou to hear its prayer,
Grant liberty.
Let foes without, within,
Let discord's painful din,
And every darling sin,
Vanish away.

Oh, bless the dear ones, who
From us have gone;
Guide, guard, and keep them till
Our cause is won.
Then with the victor's crown,
Humbly and meekly worn,
Let them to us be borne,
Oh God, we pray.

And we, though young and small,
Have work to do;
Keep our hearts strong and brave,
Loyal and true.

Let us not idle here,
But with an earnest cheer,
Strive till the way is clear,
Till peace shall reign.

Alice, Golden-Haired Alice.

BY AUNT CASSIE.

Pleasant as morning is sweet little Alice,
As fleet is her step as the bounding gasele;
The poor cottage-home is transformed to a palace,
Since sunny-souled Alice has come there to dwell.
Bright as the noonday is gay little Alice,
Her laugh is as clear as the carol of birds,
The soft summer wind, that with light harp-strings
dallies,
Is not half so sweet as her low-chiming words.
Tender as evening is dear little Alice,
Her eyes are like harebells all trombling with dew,
And pure as the breath floating up from the challee
Of lilies, her heart is, so gentle and true.
LONGWOOD, DEC. 1861.

HINTS FOR HOUSEKEEPERS.

Good Bread.

BY J. E. W'C.

An old Theological Professor used to tell his students, to "be sure and have some one strong point. Something in which they excelled." So I would urge the young housekeeper to have some "strong point" about her housekeeping, something to fall back on when other resources prove a failure. There is no stand-by for the table equal to good bread and butter. Did you ever reflect that this is the only dish we never get tired of seeing on our tables three times a day, the year around? When the epicure has tried the whole round of curiously prepared dishes, the ingenuity of a practised cook can contrive, he turns at last from them all, tired and satiated, and comes back to plain bread and butter as the greatest luxury after all.

By a little devising and pains-taking, quite a variety of changes can be rung, even on so simple a thing as bread. Nearly every one likes nice corn short-cake, just from the oven, with his morning coffee, and I dare say your husband would like to see a few slices of good rye or Graham bread on his dinner and supper-table, along with the excellent white bread "my wife can beat anybody making." I scarcely ever knew a man, whose wife made excellent bread, who was not proud of it; and if you are, my good friend, be sure you say so. It will cheer and encourage your wife more than you can imagine.

Not only does the comfort of your family depend largely on having good, wholesome bread on your

table, but their health is still more seriously concerned. For my own household I have never found anything superior to good potato bread—made after the following receipt:—

Sift, or mash very fine, a half dozen hot, boiled potatoes. Mix with twice the quantity of flour, and add a teaspoonful of home brewed yeast, and a teaspoonful of salt. Add enough warm water to make the dough as stiff as for common flour bread. This bread keeps moist much better than any other, and is so simple servants can easily be taught to make it.

A little butter rubbed into the flour, and an egg beat into the yeast, and you can have most delicious breakfast rolls.

GOOD COFFEE AND TEA.—It is an old, but nevertheless true saying, that there is daily to be heard and seen something new. Good tea and coffee are beverages that all are fond of, and yet how few there are who know how to suit the tastes of those who keenly relish them. The *Scalpel* reverses the old practice and theory, and says that the true way to obtain good coffee and tea is to put them into cold water, and heat them up to the boiling point, and keep them at that point for a minute or so, in close vessels, so as to prevent any escape of steam. Then, while the flavor is diffused through the liquid, pour it out, sweeten and drink it. Few persons have ever tasted good tea or coffee.

In this country (it continues) ice water has become one of the established drinks, and must therefore be treated with some consideration. When

tr
st
fi
di
di
w
ot

an
ha
ha
ma
ha
en
litt
wa
an
wil
be

the
pun
tute
sma
wat
For
fuls
cove

To
kind
adhe
furn
as th
break
noyed
cysts
latter
witho

Orl
worth
chines
at Col

"I
who h
fused
and be
work.

Keros
other f
when l
from h
a shirt
found a
had giv
to turn
said spe
a mixt
advised
VOL.

taken in quantities of from a tencupful to a tumblerful, in hot weather, it is a grateful tonic, and assists the stomach to have appetite, and perform digestion. If much of it is taken at meals, the digestion is stopped, or at least retarded. Free ice water drinkers are never well in their stomach, like other free drinkers.

CEMENTS.—Three parts ashes, three parts clay, and one part sand, is said to make a cement as hard as marble and impervious to water. Loose handles of knives and forks may be refastened by making cement of rosin and brick-dust. Heat the handle and pour in the cement very hot. Seal engravers use a cement made as follows: Melt a little isinglass in spirits of wine, adding one-fifth water, and using a gentle heat. When well melted and mixed, it will form a transparent glue, which will unite glass so firm that the fracture will hardly be seen.

PUMPKIN PIES.—My wife, says a correspondent of the *Rural New Yorker*, sends you a recipe for pumpkin pies which we consider a first rate substitute for apple. Take a raw pumpkin, cut it in small, thin pieces, (like sliced apples), pour hot water on the pieces and let them partially cook. For a common round baking tin, two tablespoonfuls of vinegar, and three of sugar. Season and cover with crust, like apple pies.

TO REMOVE CLINKERS FROM STOVES.—Some kinds of coal are liable to form clinkers, which adhere to the fire brick lining of stoves, grates and furnaces, and become a source of great annoyance, as they cannot be removed by usual means without breaking the fire-brick. Persons who are thus annoyed will be glad to know that by putting a few oyster shells in the fire close to the clinkers, the latter will become so loose as to be readily removed without breaking the lining.

OIL FOR SEWING MACHINES.—The following is worthy of notice by ladies who have sewing machines. We take it from "*Field Notes*," published at Columbus, Ohio.

"I called at the house of a lady the other day who had a Wheeler & Wilson, which she said refused to do her bidding. It would skip stitches, and her brush pad seemed worn and unfit for its work. I found she was oiling her machine with Kerosene, or coal oil, having, as she thought, no other fit for use. I advised her to try sweet oil, when lo! Miss Wheeler & Wilson recovered at once from her fit of nervous irritability, and went off on a shirt bosom to perfection. At another time I found a machine running so heavily that the lady had given it up, saying that she could not stand it to turn it. I asked what oil she was using; she said sperm. I examined her can, and found it a mixture of linseed and probably lard oil. I advised a little coal oil, which at once cut through

the sticky gum, and away it went like a buzz. When thoroughly cleansed and lubricated with pure sweet oil, all was right. Don't say "I can't do a thing with it," till you have thoroughly tested the oils.

CLOTH MITTENS.—Mrs. Gage, of "*Field Notes*," says:—I have seen a half dozen notices of good methods for knitting and crocheting mittens; but there is a cheaper and easier way of getting up mittens than by the tedious process of knitting and crocheting, which is quite as warm and lasting. Take any soft, strong cloth, of all wool, and the same amount of Canton flannel, or partly worn wool flannel, if you have it; let the hand be laid flat on a piece of paper, marked round with a pencil, then cut out a pattern, allowing for seams; cut the lining bias so as to have a spring to it; stitch the flannel and lining separate, turn the seams together inside, bind the wrist, leaving the mitten open two inches on the under part of the hand, work a button hole on one side, sew a strong button on the other, and you will have a durable mitten. Old pieces of broadcloth, coat skirts and linings, backs of pantaloons, or old stocking legs, can be worked up well into these useful things for the hands of soldiers or farmers. I have tried them for years, and know of what I speak.

FURNISHING.—It is a great mistake to crowd a room, and it is also an extravagance which brings no good return. In Paris apartments appear to much more advantage at much less cost. Looking-glasses are usually fixtures in the *salons* of rooms, thus preventing dilapidations of the walls on removal. If in beginning life, the money often so disadvantageously spent in articles that encumber, rather than improve a dwelling, were deposited for accumulation, with such after-additions as were found practicable, the foundations of future independence would often be laid.

WASHING LACE.—I have lately used the following method of washing lace, lace collars, or crochet collars, and find that it not only makes them look well, but saves much of the wear and tear of other washing:—Cover a glass bottle with calico or linen and then tack the lace or collar smoothly upon it; rub it with soap, and cover it with calico. Boil it for twenty minutes in soft water; let it all dry together, and the lace will be found ready for use. A long piece of lace must be wound round and round the bottle, the edge of each round a little above the last, and a few stitches to keep it firm at the beginning and end will be found sufficient, but a collar will require more tacking to keep it in its place.

TO TAKE MILK FROM CREAM.—Use a siphon, and draw of the milk from beneath the surface of the cream, and thus completely separate the two liquids by the simplest means and with the least trouble.

HEALTH DEPARTMENT.

Hall's Journal of Health.

We copy, again, in this department, articles from the above *Journal*, which is published in the City of New York at \$1 a year. The Doctor's suggestions are practical, and full of sound sense, and his magazine will be worth ten times the subscription price, in any household.

RULES FOR WINTER.

Never go to bed with cold or damp feet.

In going into a colder air, keep the mouth resolutely closed, that by compelling the air to pass circuitously through the nose and head, it may become warmed before it reaches the lungs, and thus prevent those shocks and sudden chills which frequently end in pleurisy, pneumonia, and other serious forms of disease.

Never sleep with the head in the draft of an open door or window.

Let more cover be on the lower limbs than on the body. Have an extra covering within easy reach in case of a sudden and great change of weather during the night.

Never stand still a moment out of doors, especially at street-corners, after having walked even a short distance.

Never ride near the open window of a vehicle for a single half-minute, especially if it has been preceded by a walk; valuable lives have thus been lost, or good health permanently destroyed.

Never put on a new boot or shoe in beginning a journey.

Never wear India-rubber in cold, dry weather.

If compelled to face a bitter cold wind, throw a silk handkerchief over the face; its agency is wonderful in modifying the cold.

Those who are easily chilled on going out of doors, should have some cotton batten attached to the vest or other garment, so as to protect the space between the shoulder-blades behind, the lungs being attached to the body at that point; a little there is worth five times the amount over the chest in front.

Never sit for more than five minutes at a time with the back against the fire or stove.

Avoid sitting against cushions in the backs of pews in churches; if the uncovered board feels cold, sit erect without touching it.

Never begin a journey until breakfast has been eaten.

After speaking, singing, or preaching in a warm room in winter, do not leave it for at least ten minutes, and even then close the mouth, put on the gloves, wrap up the neck, and put on cloak or overcoat before passing out of the door; the neglect of these has laid many a good and useful man in a premature grave.

(122)

Never speak under a hoarseness, especially if it requires an effort, or gives a hurting or a painful feeling, for it often results in permanent loss of voice, a life-long invalidism.

AN ERECT POSITION ADVERSE TO CONSUMPTION.

Who does not shrink with dread and fear at the simple mention of "*Consumption*?" It does not come suddenly. It begins in remote months and years ago, by imperfect breathing; by the want of frequent and full breaths, to keep the lungs in active operation. By this neglect, in time, the lungs swell out from a quarter to one third less than they ought to do; consequently, the breast flattens, the shoulders bend forward and inward, and we have the round or high shoulder, so ominous in the doctor's eye.

As consumptives *always* bend forward, and as men in high health, candidates for aldermanic honors, sit and walk and stand erect—*physically*! the erect position must be antagonistic to consumption, and consequently, such a position should be cultivated, sedulously cultivated, in every manner practicable; cultivated by all, not only by men, but by women and children.

No place is so well adapted to secure an erect locomotion as a large city; the necessity is ever present for holding up the head. Instead of giving all sorts of rules about turning out the toes, and straightening up the body, and holding the shoulders back, all of which are impracticable to the many, because soon forgotten, or of a feeling of awkwardness and discomfort which procures a willing omission; all that is necessary to secure the object, is to *hold up the head and move on!* letting the toes and shoulders take care of themselves. Walk with the chin but slightly above a horizontal line, or with your eyes directed to things a little higher than your head. In this way you walk properly, pleasantly, and without any feeling of restraint or awkwardness.

ATTENTION TO THE FEET.

It is utterly impossible to get well or keep well, unless the feet are kept dry and warm all the time. If they are for the most part cold, there is cough, or sore throat, or hoarseness, or sick headache, or some other annoyance.

If cold and dry, the feet should be soaked in hot water for ten minutes every night, and when wiped and dried, rub into them well, ten or fifteen drops of sweet oil; do this patiently with the hands, rubbing the oil into the soles of the feet particularly.

On getting up in the morning, dip both feet at once into water, as cold as the air of the room, half ankle deep, for a minute in Summer; half a minute or less in Winter, rubbing one foot with the other,

then wipe dry, and if convenient, hold them to the fire, rubbing them with the hand until perfectly dry and warm in every part.

If the feet are damp and cold, attend only to the morning washings, but always at night remove the stockings and hold the feet to the fire, rubbing them with the hands for fifteen minutes, and get immediately into bed.

Under any circumstances, as often as the feet are cold enough to attract attention, draw off the stockings, and hold them to the fire; if the feet are much inclined to dampness, put on a pair of dry stockings, leaving the damp ones before the fire to be ready for another change.

Some persons' feet are more comfortable, even in Winter, in cotton, others in woollen stockings. Each must be guided by his own feelings. Sometimes two pairs of thin stockings keep the feet warmer, than one which is thicker than both. The

thin pair may be of the same or of different materials, and that which is best next the foot, should be determined by the feelings of the person.

Sometimes the feet are rendered more comfortable by basting half an inch thickness of curled hair on a piece of thick cloth, slipping this into the stocking, with the hair next the skin, to be removed at night, and placed before the fire to be perfectly dried by morning.

Persons who walk a great deal during the day, should, on coming home for the night, remove their shoes and stockings, hold the feet to the fire until perfectly dry; put on a dry pair, and wear slippers for the remainder of the evening.

Boots and gaiters keep the feet damp, cold and unclean, by preventing the escape of that insensible perspiration which is always escaping from a healthy foot, and condensing it; hence the old-fashioned low shoe is best for health.

TOILETTE AND WORK TABLE.

CARRIAGE COSTUME.—Plain high dress of dark violet silk or poplin. Paletot of black velvet, fitting half-tight, the edges of front finished by guipure lace laid on flat, headed by a very narrow jet trimming; the lace is continued on the body forming *berthe*; a small velvet collar is edged with narrow jet trimming; a double row of six buttons attached by a fine cord closes the paletot on the chest; large sleeves, shaped at the elbow, with *revers* trimmed with lace; this *paletot* is lined with rose-colored silk. Bonnet of terry velvet, the curtain covered with black lace; it is ornamented by black velvet, roses, and small black feathers. Cap of fulled *tulle* with tress of black lace with large rose in the centre; broad white strings.

PROMENADE COSTUME.—Loose-fitting *paletot* of velvet pile cloth, trimmed with narrow *Astracan* fur; it is double breasted, and has two rows of black velvet buttons, three in each row. The sleeve is shaped at the elbow, and has a half *revers* imitated by a bow of fur, and three buttons; the bottom of sleeve is finished by a row of fur.

HOME COSTUME.—High dress of black silk, the skirt with one deep flounce, headed by a narrow plaiting of cerise ribbon; above the flounce a plaiting of broader ribbon is laid in large points, the lower points falling over the heading and giving the appearance of a second skirt. The plain high body closes with small cerise buttons, and the down each front is a row of plaiting. The wide sleeves are shaped at the elbow and have *revers* trimmed to correspond with the skirt.

GORED WALKING DRESS.—Of reps; the seams covered by a thick silk cord.

GENERAL REMARKS.—There is no want of variety in the materials suitable for out-door dress. Woollen textures, as well as those consisting of a mixture of wool and silk, may be either plain, and of one color, or they may be striped, chequered, sprigged with flowers, &c. Poplin continues to be as popular as ever.

Though corsages straight at the waist, and with ceintures, have become fixed in fashionable favor, they have by no means banished the point at the waist. For evening dress pointed corsages usually have the preference, and for ball costume corsages are made in folds and with a *berthe*.

A new form of jacket, or rather an old form revived, has just been adopted in Paris. It is called "La Hongroise." Jackets of this shape are very short, and descend no lower than the waist, so that they have no basque. They are composed of silk, velvet, or cloth. They have no sleeves, and are trimmed round with sable or chinchilla, a row of the fur being placed on the edge of the armholes. The first jacket made after this model was for the Empress, and was copied from a portrait of Queen Marie Leczinska at Versailles. In the picture the Queen wears a robe of garnet-color velvet, and the Hongroise is of the same material. The skirt of the robe is trimmed with three rows of sable, fixed here and there by bows of black ribbon. The front of the corsage, seen under the open jacket, is trimmed with bows of black ribbon, and the sleeves of the dress are long, and with *revers* trimmed with fur.

NEW PUBLICATIONS.

LESSONS IN LIFE. A Series of Familiar Essays. By Timothy Titcomb, author of "Letters to the Young," "Gold Foil," etc. New York: Charles Scribner.

Few authors have met with so hearty a welcome as that which greeted Dr. Holland on the appearance of his "Letters to Young People"—a book which has passed to its twenty-sixth edition; and his subsequent volumes, "Gold Foil," "Bitter Sweet," and "Miss Gilbert's Career," only increased the public favor. Now we have a fifth volume, comprising a series of essays on men, manners, and conduct in life, which bears the author's peculiar mark, and is distinguished by its healthiness of tone, its common sense, and close observation of human nature. It is a good and useful book, and we are pleased to observe, that in this time of limited demand for anything but war publications, edition after edition is being exhausted. The author has justly stated the character of these essays in his preface:—"He has endeavored, simply, to treat in a familiar and attractive way, a few of the more prominent questions which concern the life of every thoughtful man and woman. Indeed, he can hardly pretend to have done more than to organize and put into form, the average thinking of those who read his books—to place before the people the sum of their own choicer judgments—and he neither expects nor wishes for these essays higher praise than that which accords to them the quality of common sense."

Modestly said, yet giving the true value of "Lessons in Life," for whoever reads will find his own thought responding continually to the writer, and his own experience corroborating his judgments.

SONGS IN MANY KEYS. By Oliver Wendell Holmes. Boston: Ticknor & Fields.

Dr. Holmes is one of our most graceful writers, and remarkable for excellence in both prose and verse. The brilliant promise of his college days has been fully redeemed in later years, and after the public had come to believe that professional routine had dulled his fine wit, and obscured a most delicate fancy. But, he shone forth with sudden brilliancy in the "Autocrat," charming and surprising by his versatility, point, philosophy, and truth to human nature. He had been hiving his honey through many seasons, and at last gave us of its abundant sweetness.

Several volumes of prose have already appeared, and now we have, in Ticknor & Fields' almost faultless typography, one of poetry, in which the grave, the gay, the witty and philosophic are intermingled. Some of these have already appeared in the "Atlantic Monthly," and are familiar to the public. Others are new. "The Deacon's Master Piece, or the Wonderful One-Hoss Shay;" "The Chambered Nautilus;" "The Boys;" "The Open-

ing of the Piano," etc., are familiar to most readers, and worthy of an enduring form. We copy the following, for its simple truth. It is a sermon in itself:—

"THE CROOKED FOOTPATH."

"Ah, here it is! the sliding rail
That marks the old remembered spot,—
The gap that struck our school-boy trail,—
The crooked path across the lot.

"It left the road by school and church,
A pencilled shadow, nothing more,
That parted from the silver birch,
And ended at the farm-house door.

"No line or compass traced its plan;
With frequent bends to left or right,
In aimless, wayward curves it ran,
But always kept the door in sight.

"The gabled porch, with woodbine green,—
The broken millstone at the sill,—
Though many a rood might stretch between,
The truant child could see them still.

"No rocks across the pathway lie,—
No fallen trunk is o'er it thrown,—
And yet it winds, we know not why,
And turns as if for tree or stone.

"Perhaps some lover trod the way
With shaking knees and leaping heart—
And so it often runs astray
With sinuous sweep or sudden start.

"Or one, perchance, with clouded brain,
From some unholy banquet reeled,—
And since, our devious steps maintain
His track across the trodden field.

"Nay, deem not thus,—no earthenborn will
Could ever trace a faultless line;
Our truest steps are human still.—
To walk unwavering were divine!

"Truants from love, we dream of wrath;—
O, rather let us trust the more!
Through all the wanderings of the path,
We still can see our Father's door."

NATIONAL HYMNS: How they are Written and how they are not Written. A Lyric and National Study for the Times. By Richard Grant White. New York: Rudd & Cartleton.

We have in this handsome volume a selection from some of the poems sent in to the New York Committee that offered a prize for the best national hymn. Mr. White's comments are clever and amusing, though not unmingled with satire. The book is a literary novelty, in its way, and will be purchased and held by those who are curious in such matters. It is only proper to state, in speaking of this volume, that it does not contain the "most meritorious," and otherwise "noticeable," songs received by the Committee, and afterwards placed in the publisher's hands. The editor says:

"There were very few of these—not thirty, all told; and those which were remarkable for lyric excellence were gradually so reduced in number by the withdrawal of manuscript by their authors, that, after awhile, the original project was abandoned." Though thus deprived of his best material, Mr. White has managed to make a pleasant book.

LILLIESLEAF: Being a Concluding Series of Passages in the Life of Mrs. Margaret Maitland, of Sunnyside. Written by herself. Boston: T. O. H. P. Burnham.

The large number of readers who were interested in *Passages from the Life of Margaret Maitland*, will receive with pleasure this announcement of a new volume from the same pen.

POEMS: With Autobiographic and other Notes. By T. H. Stockton. Chaplain to Congress. Philadelphia: Wm. S. & Alfred Morten.

For nearly a third of a century, the author of this volume has been a preacher of the Gospel—earnest, eloquent, and self-devoted; yet, for most of the time, in feeble health. Amid his ministerial duties, he has found time to court the muses, and we find in this volume of three hundred pages,

poems bearing date all along the years, from 1827 to 1861. They are, mostly, of a religious character, thus taking the hue of his leading thoughts; and are scholarly in their finish. His rich fancy is chastened by his correct taste in these productions of his closet hours. Take this single specimen, all that we can now find room to copy. It is called "Snow Similitude."

"I wonder not that from the earliest time,
Fancy hath found her fond similitude
Of all that's fair and innocent in snow.
Haply the bard who saw it first descend,
At once forgot the lily of the vale;
And all the stainless blossoms of the spring;
And ocean's clearest pearls; and spotless down,
Soft on the cygnet's fountain-rippled breast;—
And sung of manly troth as undefiled,
And virgin virtue pure as falling snow."

FOR BETTER, FOR WORSE. Philadelphia: T. B. Peterson.

A story from "Temple Bar," which attracted some attention while appearing in that magazine. Two editions have been published in this country—one as above, and one by T. O. H. P. Burnham Boston. Both are in cheap form; price twenty-five cents.

EDITORS' DEPARTMENT.

THE "LOGIC OF EVIL."

This is the way it always argues: "I'm on the wrong track—but, of course, it's too late now to turn back. I wish I'd never taken this road; but that first wrong step led to another—and here I am, and I must keep on. There's no use attempting to sail against wind and tide now. The force of circumstances presses too hard on me, and there is no possibility of my going up hill to the place whence I started. So, I'm sorry for it, but I must take my destiny now!"

And how many a soul have sophisms like this ruined! How many have yielded to that mighty constraint of evil, which seemed to compel them to "pass from the lesser sin to the greater!"

But that there is no such unconquerable, invincible "constraints of evil," God, the loving Father, and Christ, the living Redeemer of the world, have borne their solemn, eternal witness.

There is no absolute necessity to do another wrong, because that we have already done many! The one thing which redeems and sanctifies life, and gives it strength and beauty, in the midst of its pain and sorrow, is that grand and glorious truth, that it is in the power of every human soul, with the help of God, to *grow better*, to "cease to do evil, and learn to do well."

We know that the road which leads from "bad to worse" is a very easy one—that the feet seem to slip smoothly on the down-hill course, and that the

way upward looks so hard, and steep, and toilsome, that it seems as though the feet could never clamber up the frowning heights; but the firm resolve once made, the toilsome ascent begun, and the way will grow easier and smoother!

There must be times in every human life, when it is easier to do wrong than right. It is not a light and careless task to attempt to improve one's character, to grow not simply in act, but in thought and in deed—in all that is good, and pure, and true. Reformations in individuals, as well as in nations, are not easily and lazily accomplished. There is an eternal antithesis of good and evil; and there must be many a hard struggle, many a fierce battle and upheaving, before right shall get the mastery, and the bitter springs which lie deep in every heart shall yield sweet and healing waters.

There are very few people, who, during the course of a long and evil life, have not had periods of resistance and remorse, when the evil spirits have hidden themselves in the back closets and deep dungeons of their habitation, and the voice of the good angel has been heard calling with a still small call in their hearts.

And in such crises, evil, and the consequences of evil-doing, have stood out in something of their real coloring—one gets a faint glimpse of their hateful and repulsive features, and longs to turn away and be free from them forever. But, in these moments of "choosing," these great, awful crises

of life, over which angels and fiends watch with breathless eagerness, the soul sees the right way, but has not the courage to take it; it seems as if there was no use in attempting to scale those heights which are inaccessible now; the wrong has been done, it cannot be recalled; the moral force of the will is weakened, the return looks so hard, so slow, so impossible, that the soul gives up, and sinks down, saying, "there is no use! Alas! I cannot do it!" Dear reader, do not take this lie to your heart; do not let the voice of the syren, singing you to the slumber of death, lure you to eternal downfall.

No matter what you have done, no matter how far these erring feet of yours may have strayed from the way of truth and right, no matter what shame and disgrace may have come of your sin, there are still depths and abysses of evil of which you do not dream!

Stop right where you are—not another moment—not another movement in that downward course of yours! Turn straight about, and make a deadly resolve, that, with the help of God, come what may, you have gone just as far "down hill" as you ever will, and whatever obstacles obstruct your way, whatever forces are mightily impelling you downward, you will still set your face and your feet steadily upward. And it may be, that the voice of my pen shall call to some one still in the dew of their youth—some one who, having entered the forbidden country, is yet very far from confirmed in evil.

Oh reader, I beseech you, do not plunge from the precipice where you stand now! If you have committed sin or crime, which causes your cheek to kindle, and your heart to throb for shame—if the knowledge of it would stain you in the sight of all others, do not, for one moment, give yourself up as lost. God and his ministering angels stand ready to help you—take up your marred and wasted life, and set bravely, humbly, with solemn determination about the work of reformation. Is not repentance the greatest "grace" of human life, to purchase which so fearful a price was once paid in the Garden of Gethsemane—at the cross of Calvary.

Set out on the upward road, and unseen hands shall guide you, and you shall creep where you cannot clamber. In sinking down, in "giving up," is your ruin; and with one shuddering glance at the awful abysses of iniquity which lie before you, and which your thoughts cannot even fathom, turn straight about; quit once and forever the way of evil, and "God give you the victory." V. F. T.

Natural antipathies, or idiosyncracies as they are sometimes called, are curious:—It is said that Lord Bacon swooned at each eclipse of the moon; Ariosto shuddered at the sight of a bath; Carden at the breaking of an egg; Cæsar at the crowing of a cock; Erasmus took a fever whenever he smelled fish; and Mary of Medicis from the odor of a rose.

FEBRUARY.

The last of the winter! How quick the loom of the year, working day and night, and never growing weary, weaves out the pale, cold pattern of the month. There is no warmth about it, there are no bright, vivid colors in its woof; it stands white, and pure, and bare, betwixt January, first-born of the year, and March, the wild, stormy prophet of the Spring.

And towards that spring is set steadily the calm, still face of February. There comes over it at the sunset a pale tinge and a golden light, caught from the land which her watching eyes see afar off—the land of the spring.

And she knows that its voice shall call her away—that its strong young arm shall lead her out from the march of the months, and lay her fair limbs out tenderly, and place her to sleep sweetly in her grave—the last child of the winter. V. F. T.

"JOSIE."

Addressed to Mr. and Mrs. Joseph H. Sprague.

BY VIRGINIA F. TOWNSEND.

I cannot make thee dead! The golden locks Thro' which the sunlight drifts like mellow wine, Flutter before me now. I seem to hear The gurgle of thy laughter, that was sweet As the birds' songs which woke thee, and I hark For the swift patter of thy restless feet. And broken words, like blossoms drooping o'er The red vine of thy lips:

What light and joy Thy coming always made! What magic grace And charm were in thee, that the heart brimmed o'er With blessing and caress, or hushed itself In still prayers for thy future?

E'er the dawn Built her gray staircase where the day must pass, The little heart grew silent, and the life Which had not rounded to its third birthday, Passed out to God who gave it.

Thou shalt sleep Upon that pillow which no mother's hand Hath softly spread for thee, o'er which at night The sweet chaunt of her "lullaby" shall float Never amid thy dreams!

That small cold hand Doth clasp most tenderly the little bird Which came to die with thee: its voice of song That filled the summer morning with such joy, Is hushed forever!

But we thank God, dear, That thine hath found new sweetness: that it holds Its silver path amid the angel's psalm. Thy life hath climbed the hillside which our feet Must weary struggle up. Oh child, 'twas well With thee on earth; with thee 'tis better now, Walking beneath the cedars and the palms, Among the white lambs of the flock of God!

*After the child's death his mother opened the window, and a little bird lay dead on the balcony. It was buried with him.

PUBLIC VIRTUE.

Without virtue in a people, there is no safety. This is one of the lessons we must take to heart. Virtue does not wrong the individual, nor plot treason against the state; but looks to the common good. If we would have national safety, we must entrust political affairs to honest men. Let the good character—tried and proved in the eyes of the people—be the first pre-requisite for office; capacity for service next; and both essential. Nothing less will do. Just in the degree that these are waived will be the degree of danger.

How has it been with us? Does not the heart of every honest citizen swell, and his cheek burn with indignation, as he remembers, that, for years past, the word politician (which signifies one who is "sagacious in devising and executing measures for the public welfare") has been almost synonymous with trickster; and that the men selected to make and execute our laws, have been, with few exceptions, of those who sought in politics the easiest means of preying upon the people. We confess, that, at any time within the last ten years, our faith in the stability of this nation was, in view of so discouraging a fact, weaker than it is to-day, though we are struggling amid the perils of a gigantic rebellion. It is from the enemy in our own household that we have most to fear.

Look at the disgraceful fact as it stands. Why are we in the national agony of to-day? Simply, because the men to whom the people gave the highest and most sacred of all trusts, were false to duty. While some of them were plotting to dismember a nation whose integrity they had sworn, in taking office, to maintain, others were sleeping at their posts, or engaged in schemes of plunder. A few vigilant sentinels were on the walls, and saw the coming danger; but their cry of warning was not heeded—and so an enemy passed the gate, and well nigh gained the citadel.

Shall we longer trust this class of men—self-seeking politicians by trade? Is not one betrayal enough? The people must demand virtue in their representatives; for only in public virtue is there public safety. When we come out of this trial as by fire, let us see to it, that we entrust our highest interests only to the best of men. Let us make the word "politician" again honorable.

MISCARRIAGE OF LETTERS.

The following facts in regard to the accumulation of letters at the Dead Letter Office are worthy the attention of every one. Nearly half of the dead letters last year were directed to the wrong offices. Nearly one-third had no postage stamps, when every one knows, or ought to know, that a stamp is absolutely necessary to secure the transmission of a letter. Only about one letter in thirty-six, of all that went to the dead letter office, failed, on account of any fault in the department, to reach its destination. A great many persons neglect to add the name of the State to that of the town, when

towns of the same name exist in several States. It is better, too, not to trust to the abbreviations of the name of a State, where other abbreviations resemble it. Mo. for Maine, and Mo. for Missouri, for instance, are very likely to be confounded, especially as people generally write so much more indistinctly than our fathers did.

A DIRGE.

Affectionately inscribed to the friends of W. M. Graham.

BY MRS. C. MARIA LONDON.

The bannered stars exultingly

Waved o'er his dear, devoted head,
As on, to meet and conquer wrong,
His dauntless band he led.

The strife was brief, but at its close
He lay upon that bloody ground—
His lovely limbs and bosom torn
With many a gaping wound;

Yet life's sweet warmth was in his veins—
We clasped Hope's garments wildly there,
But Hope and he are dead, and we
Are left to our despair.

Gone! Dead! O, must it, can it be
That he so young, and fair, and brave,
Must lie in utter loneliness
Within the silent grave?

Gone, with his wealth of lofty thought—
With all his manly, gentle grace,
And the great soul that glorified
The beauty of his face!

Dear native land! poor native land!
For thee his young life's blood was spilt,
To wash thy soiled and tattered robes
From stains of traitor-guilt;

And legions of thy faithful sons—
The loyal-hearted and the great,
For thee will gladly follow him
And share his honored fate.

Not ours the only household band
Whose joy is hushed—whose light is fled,
Nor ours alone the flowers of hope
Whose leaves lie crushed and dead.

On other homes such blight must fall,
Elsewhere such sorrow darkly rest,
But ne'er was folded martial shroud
Above a nobler breast.


He dared to suffer for the Right,
Nor vainly, since to him is given
The victor's palm—the martyr's crown,
On the fair fields of Heaven.

He is at rest; but ah, so far
Appear those bright supernal spheres,
Our Faith looks up with tremulous eyes
Bedimmed with bitter tears.

Oh Christ, whose great heart bled for us,
See how our quivering heartstrings bleed,
Pity and strengthen us in this
Our time of sorest need!

Death revels o'er the true and brave—
The powers of ill wax high and strong,
And fettered Truth, with white lips, cries
How long, O Lord, how long!

LONGWOOD, MO., December, 1861.

 We do not know the origin of this picture poem, which we find in the newspapers with the credit omitted:—

THE SOLDIER'S MOTHER.

By the low west window dreading,
With the lingering sunlight gleaming,
Softly on her saintly brow—
Of her boy to battle marching,
Heat and thirst the loved lips parching,
Dreams she in the twilight now.

Yet with rapid fingers knitting,
In the ancient arm-chair sitting,
Musing of her soldier son—
Pausing in her thoughts of sorrow,
Wondering if upon the morrow
She can have the blue socks done.

Thinking of the soldiers standing
As she saw them on the landing,
Thinking how they sternly drill them—
Back and forth the needles going
From the socks, God only knowing
If or not his feet shall fill them.

But a sound her quick ear greeting,
Starts her frightened heart to beating
With a troubled throb and surge,
For she hears the church-bells tolling,
And the solemn, muffled rolling
Of slow music, like a dirge.

Heeds she not the stitches falling,
As with eager accents calling
Some one passing by the door,
All her wild forebodings masking,
And with lips unfaltering asking
Whom this mournful dirge is for?

But she strives her grief to smother,
'Tis not meet a soldier's mother
Thus should yield to sorrow vain.
Are there not a hundred others,
Stricken, desolated mothers,
Weeping for their brave ones slain?

For their country still are bleeding
Soldiers brave, who will be needing
Warm socks for their valiant feet—
Feet which ne'er before the traitors,
Like the feet of some bold praters,
Beat a cowardly retreat.

Other days have waned to twilight
Since the eve when such sad heart-bligh-
t Came down on that lonely one;
Yet beside the window sitting,
With her aged fingers knitting,
Dreams she still at set of sun


On her brow a shadow resting,
And the sunset glory cresting
Like a crown the silver hair.
Back and forth the needles going,
Inch by inch the socks are growing,
And the tears her eyes overflowing
Are inwrought with silent prayer.


Could men see as see the angels,
These dumb socks, like sweet evangelists,
Would a wondrous tale unfold;
Every stitch would tell its story,
And each seam would wear a glory
Fairer than refiner's gold.


MOODS OF MIND.


Dr. Holland, in his last admirable volume, speaking of moods and frames of mind, says, that he regards them as very poor tests of character. "Having," he remarks, "cut through the crust of a most forbidding mood, produced by bodily derangement or constant and pressing labor of the brain, I have often found a heart full of all the sweetest and richest traits of humanity. I have found, too, that some natures know the door that leads through the moods of other natures. There are men who never present their moody side to me. My neighbor enters their presence, and finds them severe in aspect, hard in feeling and abrupt in speech. I go in immediately after, and open the door right through that mood, into the genial good heart that sits behind it, and the door always flies open when I come. I know men whose mood is usually exceedingly pleasant. There is a glow of health upon their faces. Their words are musical to women and children. They are cheerful, and chipper, and sunshiny, and not easily moved to anger; and yet I know them to be liars and full of selfishness. Under their sweet mood, which sound health and a not over sensitive conscience, and the satisfactions of sense engender, they conceal hearts that are as false and foul as any that illustrate the reign of sin in human nature."


In providing periodicals for 1862, don't forget Grace Greenwood's "Little Pilgrim," published in this city by Leander K. Lippincott, at fifty cents a year. It is the best of the juveniles.

 "The New Scholar," and "The Unwelcome Intruder," in this number, are, both in subject and execution, charming pictures. They tell their own story in a manner at once spirited and agreeable. We have others, in the same admirable style, ready, or in preparation, for future numbers. To Mr. Jas. Lauderbach, of this city, we are indebted for these fine specimens of the engraver's art.

 The slowness with which photographic impressions are obtained, and the large demand on us for our beautiful premiums, have kept us a little behind in the supply of "A Glimpse of an English Homestead." But, all who are entitled to receive copies, will have them forwarded, in turn, with the least possible delay.

 A new engraving, on steel, "Washington and his Mother," has been published by Mr. J. C. McRea of New York. The subject is one of rare interest, and the picture cannot fail to become popular.

 Every one who sends a club is entitled to a premium; but the stamps for pre-payment of postage must not be omitted.

 All who have seen our elegant photographic premiums are surprised at their perfection and beauty. They are works of art, and worthy a place in the choicest collection.

MARCH,

1862.



Vol. XIX.

No. 3.

T. S. ARTHUR & CO.,
323 Walnut St., Philadelphia.

TERMS: \$2 a Year, in advance. Four copies for one year, \$5.

Single Numbers price 15 cts.

Contents of Home Magazine, March, 1862.

THE STORY OF A RIBBON BOW. By "MADEMOISELLE CAPRICE."	P. 135
DEAD DOVES. By MAYBEL ST. CLAIR.	138
WHAT CAME AFTERWARDS. A Sequel to "Nothing but Money." Chapters V., VI. By T. S. ARTHUR.	139
THE BLESSING OF THE NEW YEAR. By NINA H.	148
BATTLE FIELDS OF OUR FATHERS. Chapters V., VI., and VII. By VIRGINIA F. TOWNSEND.	150
A SONG FOR ME. By LULU HOLMES.	164
LETTERS TO THE GIRLS. No. XV. By AUNT HATTIE.	165
SOLITUDE. By Mrs. H.	166
MARY'S COMFORTER. By ELIZABETH.	166
THE CLOSET IN THE GARRET. By BENCOTT.	168
THE STORE GIRL.	171
SUNSET REVERIE. By NETTIE VERNON.	172
MATTIE COVERT'S LETTER. By MARY J. CROSMAN.	173
SOMETIME. By ERNEST ELSON.	173
TO MY BROTHER. By CLARA J. LEE.	174
KINGS AND QUEENS OF ENGLAND. WILLIAM II.	174
CEDAR POINT; OR, THE LOST CHILD. By Mrs. HARRIET E. FRANCIS.	175
FORMATION OF PEARLS.	178
LAY SERMONS:	
Under a Cloud.	179
MOTHERS' DEPARTMENT:	
The Attractions of Home.	180
BOYS' AND GIRLS' TREASURY:	
"Keeping a Look Out;" by Virginia F. Townsend—Taking an Inventory; by F. H. Stauffer.	182
HINTS FOR HOUSEKEEPERS:	
Don't Scold; by J. E. M'C.—How to make a Chicken Pie—To Fricassee Chickens—Making Tea—Parsnip Fritters—Parsnip Oysters—Spiced Hash—Crumpets—Snow Ice Cream—Corn Bread—A Word to Young Mistresses—Stockings.	183
HEALTH DEPARTMENT:	
How to Eat Wisely—Antidotes for Poison.	188
TOILETTE AND WORK TABLE:	
Evening Dress—Dinner Dress—Home Costume—Street or Carriage Costume—Home Costume—Basket Watch-Hanger and Pincushion.	189
EDITORS' DEPARTMENT:	
March, Our Anniversary—By-gones—New Books—A Query—Losing and Living—Predicated.	190

ILLUSTRATIONS.

1. Steel Plate—Go It, Helle.
2. The Doctor's Visit.
3. Braiding Pattern—Embroidery for Skirt.
4. Home Costume—Street or Carriage Costume.
5. Evening Dress—Dinner Dress.
6. Crochet Insertion—Basket Watch-Hanger and Pincushion.

PREMIUMS FOR 1862.

Our Premiums for 1862 are, beyond all question, the most beautiful and desirable yet offered by any magazine. They are large-sized photographs, (12 by 10 inches) executed in the highest style of the art, of magnificent English and French Engravings, four in number, as follows:—

I. GLIMPSE OF AN ENGLISH HOMESTEAD. By HERRING.

II. THE SOLDIER IN LOVE.

III. DOUBTS.

IV. HEAVENLY CONSOLATION.

The prices of the engravings from which these splendid photographs have been made, are, for the first-named picture, \$10; for the second, \$5; for the third, \$10; and for the fourth, \$5. We give these prices, in order that the true excellence and value of the premiums may be understood. Herring's "Glimpse of an English Homestead," is one of the celebrated pictures of the day, and has won the admiration of all lovers of art in Europe and America; while the other three engravings are favorites with connoisseurs everywhere.

"The Soldier in Love," is half humorous, half serious, representing an old moustache in the toils of a young and handsome belle, to whom he is trying to make himself both useful and agreeable.

"Doubts" is a picture that teaches a deep moral lesson. The artist presents a group of four persons—two sisters, an aged grandmother, and a lover of one of the sisters. The title "Doubts" gives the emotion excited in the lover's mind, as he contrasts the worldliness and love of ornament in his betrothed, with the angelic self-forgetfulness of her sister, who comes forth sustaining the feeble steps of an aged grandmother. The picture tells its story so perfectly, that a single glance takes in the impressive moral it is designed to teach. As a work of art, it is one of high merit.

The fourth picture, "Heavenly Consolation," represents an invalid supported by her sister, listening to consolations from the Holy Word, as read by a minister. It is a tender and touching picture, exquisitely grouped. The face of the beautiful invalid is full of patience and religious hope, and you feel, as you gaze upon it, that she is indeed drinking of heavenly consolation.

We repeat, that our Premiums are, beyond all question, the most beautiful and desirable yet offered by any magazine, and those who secure them, will possess impressions from true works of art, that will grow more beautiful to the eye, the longer they are possessed and examined.

PHOTOGRAPHIC PORTRAITS OF THE EDITORS.

So many of the readers of the Home Magazine have expressed a desire to have the Portraits of the Editors, that we have arranged with a Photographer to furnish them of the popular size known as the *Carte de Visite*, and will send them to any of our readers at cost, via: 15 cents each portrait, postage free. Send stamps or the coin, as most convenient.



"GO IT HOLLAY!"







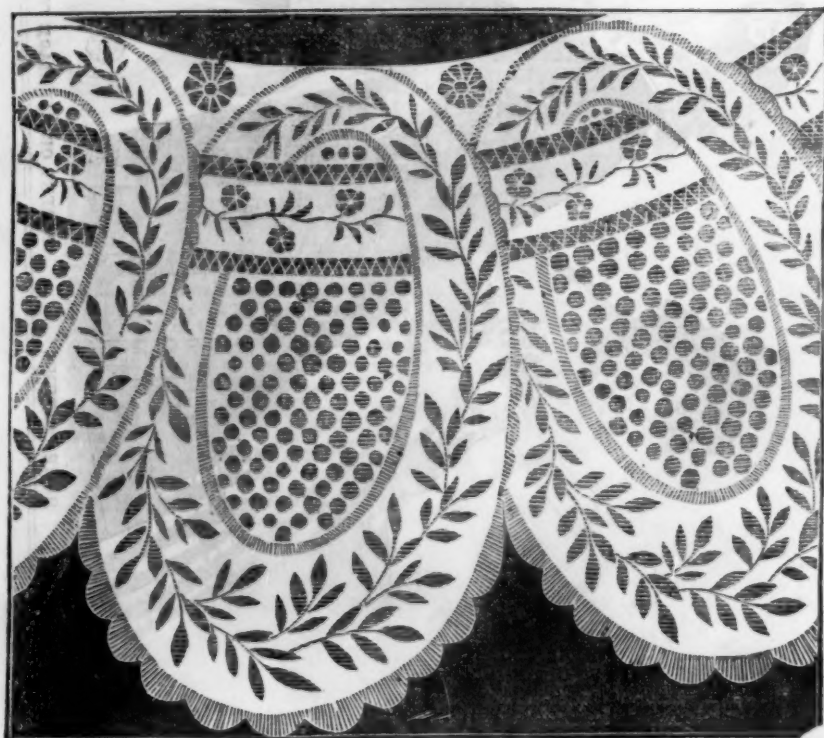


THE BOSTONIAN

II—1811



BRAIDING PATTERN.



EMBROIDERY FOR SKIRT.

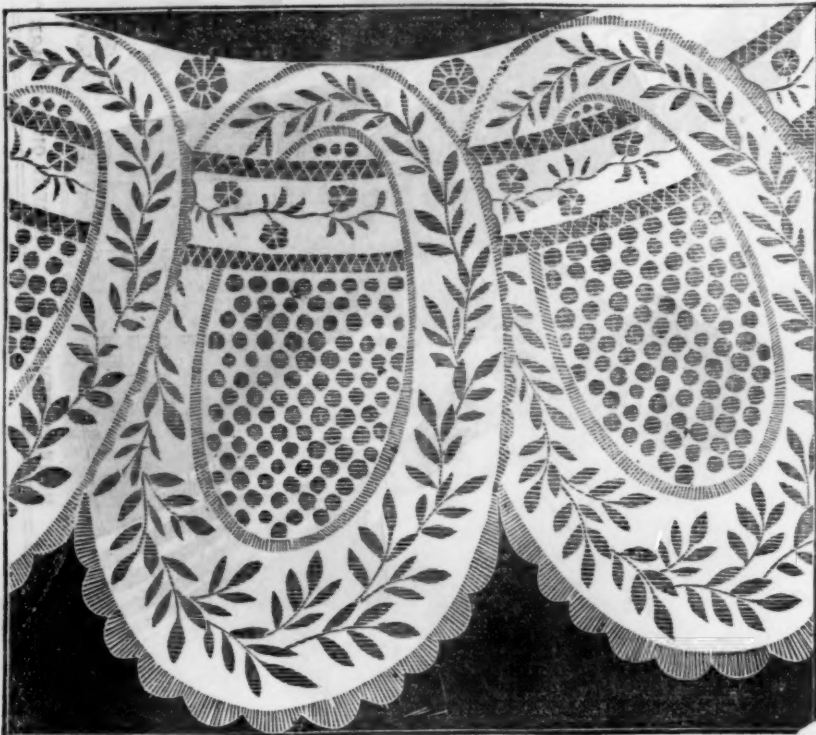


THE LONDON VINTAGE

11-111 100



BRAIDING PATTERN.



EMBROIDERY FOR SKIRT.

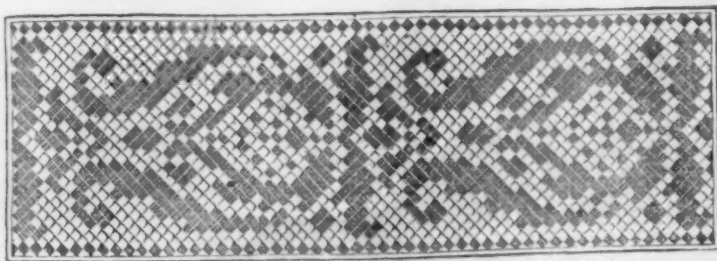


HOME COSTUME.

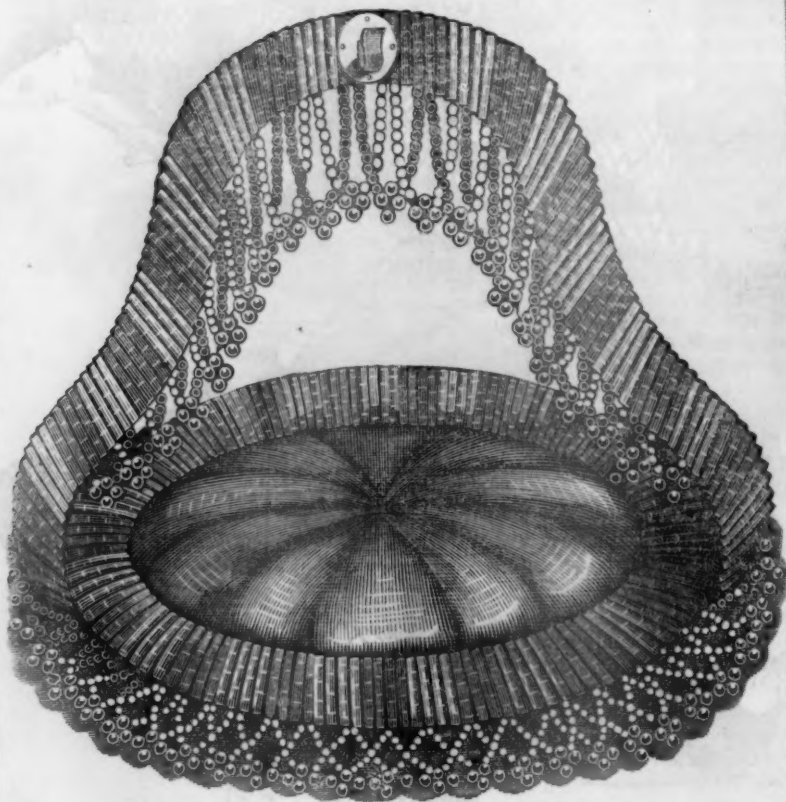
STREET OR CARRIAGE COSTUME.

HOME COSTUME.





CROCHET INSERTION.



BASKET WATCH-HANGER AND PINCUSHION.

Th

Th
of ev
first
cess
of w
pron
citen
caus
to re
of th
some

Of
stron

was

H—

man

office

sent

ment

to to

frien

a cor

pale

untir

was

have

were

gentl

caug

it, by

could

and

deep

The

galla

citize

tribu

sighi

at le

tende